SPY

November 1992 Volu

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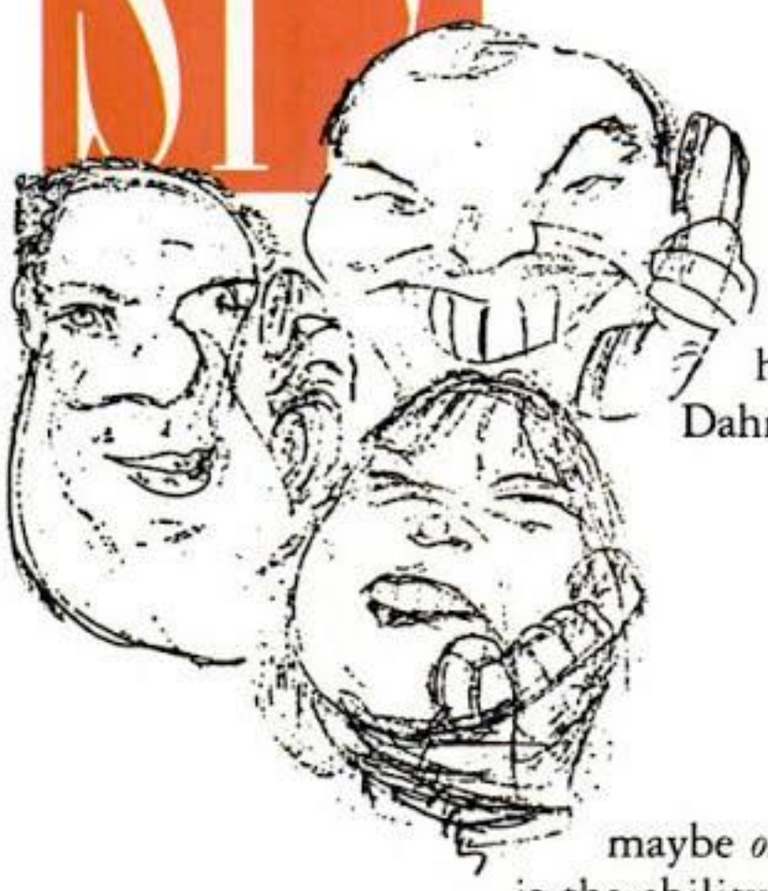
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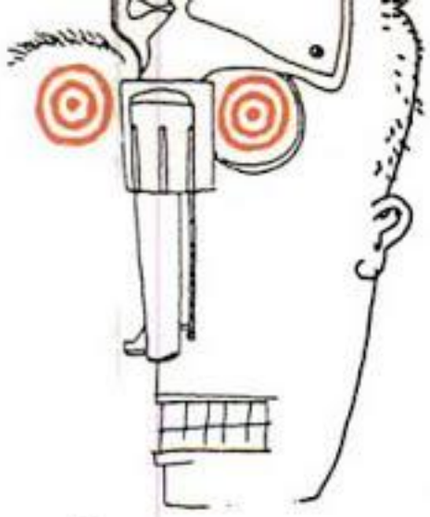
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SPY



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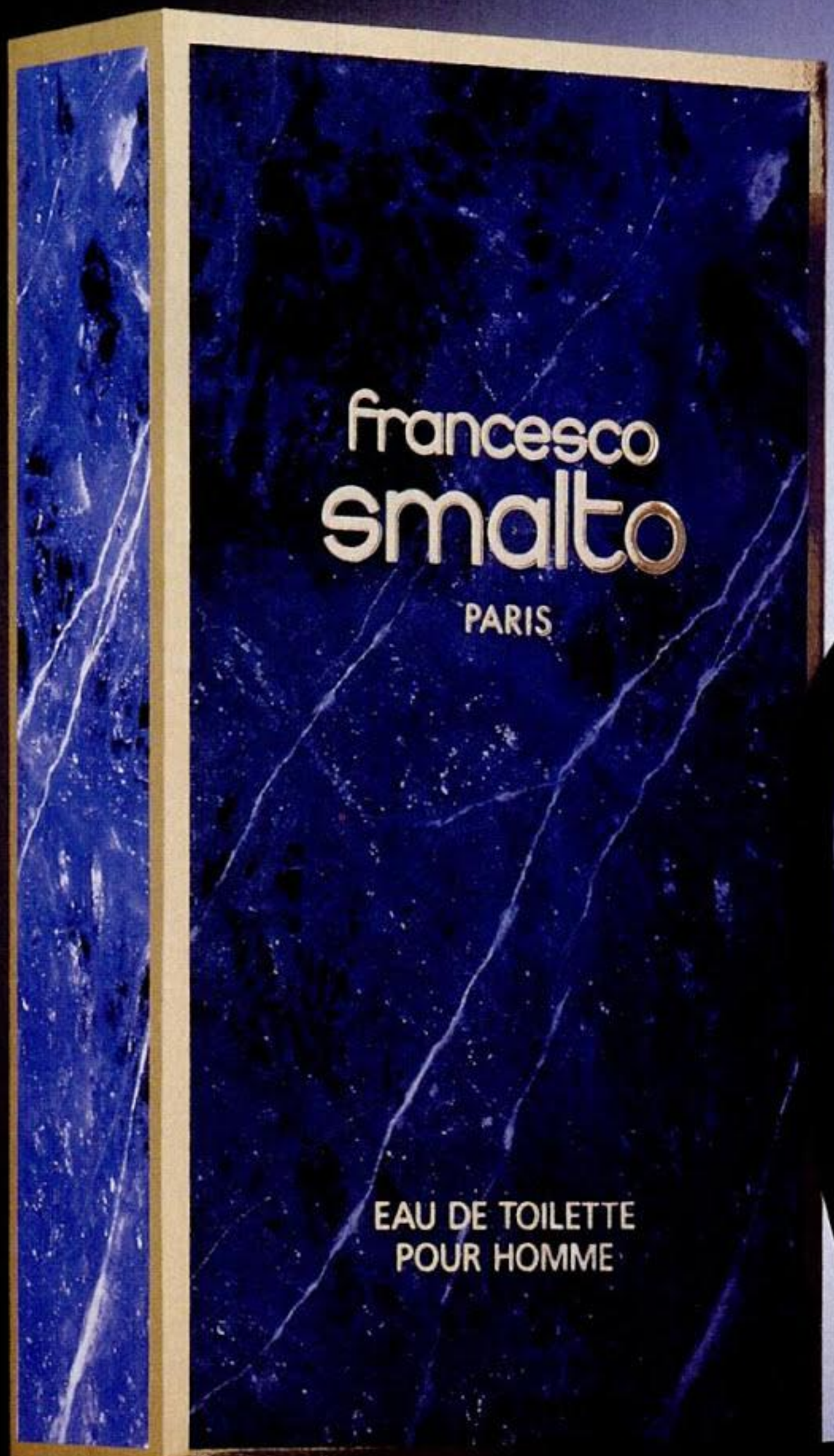
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Great Expectations

producers giving them the latest scoops, and I love that."—Christie Brinkley on her new CNN show



Thanksgiving!

THANKSGIVING! *WE CAN'T WAIT.* WE'RE GOING TO SIT AND DRINK BEERS WITH Dad and watch the game and then we're going to roll Dad over onto his stomach and go over to Mom's house for dinner. It's a family tradition. We admit, though, we're a bit anxious this year. See, Mom's a feminist, and not the fun kind—the kind who, as Pat Robertson warned recently, might be part of "a socialist, antifamily political movement that encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism and become lesbians." Being Mom's children, we're naturally concerned, so we sent Robertson a blank check. We can't put a price on family, but maybe he can. That's why we were so distressed when Dan Quayle and his boss jumped off the family-values bandwagon so quickly, and did so only because, to mix in a favorite presidential metaphor, that dog wouldn't hunt. Yet all one need do is scan the recent headlines of certain New York City tabloid dailies—KID CALLS 911 AND FINGERS CRACK MOM; MOM, DAUGHTER SLAY TEEN TO GET BABY; 8 COPS HURT IN MELEE WITH MOM, SON, DOG—to see that family values *are* hunting. And if snitch kids, baby-lust killers and attack families aren't threatening enough, there's this: DISNEY WORLD SUICIDE. Excuse us while we sign another check. If any further evidence of a socialist, antifamily conspiracy is needed, Eugene McCarthy has come out against politicians posing with their families. "If they bring the family dog," he told *The Washington Post*, "that's the worst." And so, it seems, the Democrats hate dogs





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too—and that's a dog that *certainly* won't hunt.

No respect for the value of family. That's the problem, if you ask us or any other cranky old guy. Here's Spike Lee on his stepmother: "I hate the woman. She's not a nice person. She's a bad person. It's not because she's white and she's Jewish. I just hate her." And speaking of evil stepmothers, here's 45-year-old Georgette Mosbacher on her 43-year-old gay-activist stepdaughter: "Not my stepdaughter. You mean my husband's daughter." And finally, Time Warner, the corporate monolith that brought you "Cop Killer" and "The Death of Superman," now brings you *Vibe*, the not-totally-black-and-gay music magazine conceived by the totally-black-and-not-gay Quincy Jones. (Jones says he doesn't know if all his editors are gay or not and he doesn't care. "Either the dude is bad or he's not," Jones says. "Either you can burn or you can't." Either the dog will hunt, or it won't.) In the premiere issue last month, the bad, burning *Vibe* added a brand-new word to the Time Warner family lexicon; that word is *motherfucker*.

Fathers, currently fucking Mom or not, aren't faring any better. For goodness' sake, Jerry is being attacked by his own kids! Mike Ervin, former muscular-dystrophy poster child, contends that Lewis's Labor Day where-are-they-now-athon is patronizing. (Etymologists: *Chuckle here.*) "Can you imagine," Ervin asks, "the United Negro College Fund Telethon coming out and saying, 'Here's Lou Rawls and his boys'?" Listen, you ungrateful child, as Lewis himself might say if he could be reached for comment, all we know is that, despite your protests, this year's telethon took in a record $45.8 million!

Did we say you can't put a price on family? How's $98 million sound? That's what father-of-the-1980s Bill Cosby took in during the first two years of the 1990s. In second place on *Forbes*'s latest show-business-gazillionaire list was Oprah Winfrey ($88 million), whose family-values pedigree was besmirched when she was raped by a family member as a child but who has more than made up for it by having lots of families on her program. Also on the list: strong family man Kevin Costner (No. 3, $71 million); entertainment-for-the-whole-family man Steven Spielberg (No. 5, $57 million); Michael Jackson, formerly of the Jackson family (No. 6, $51 million); and Madonna—who, it bears repeating, is named for the mother of God (No. 8, $48 million).

Another family value: $49.95. That's the cost of *Sex*, the glossy (and waterproof?) new Time Warner

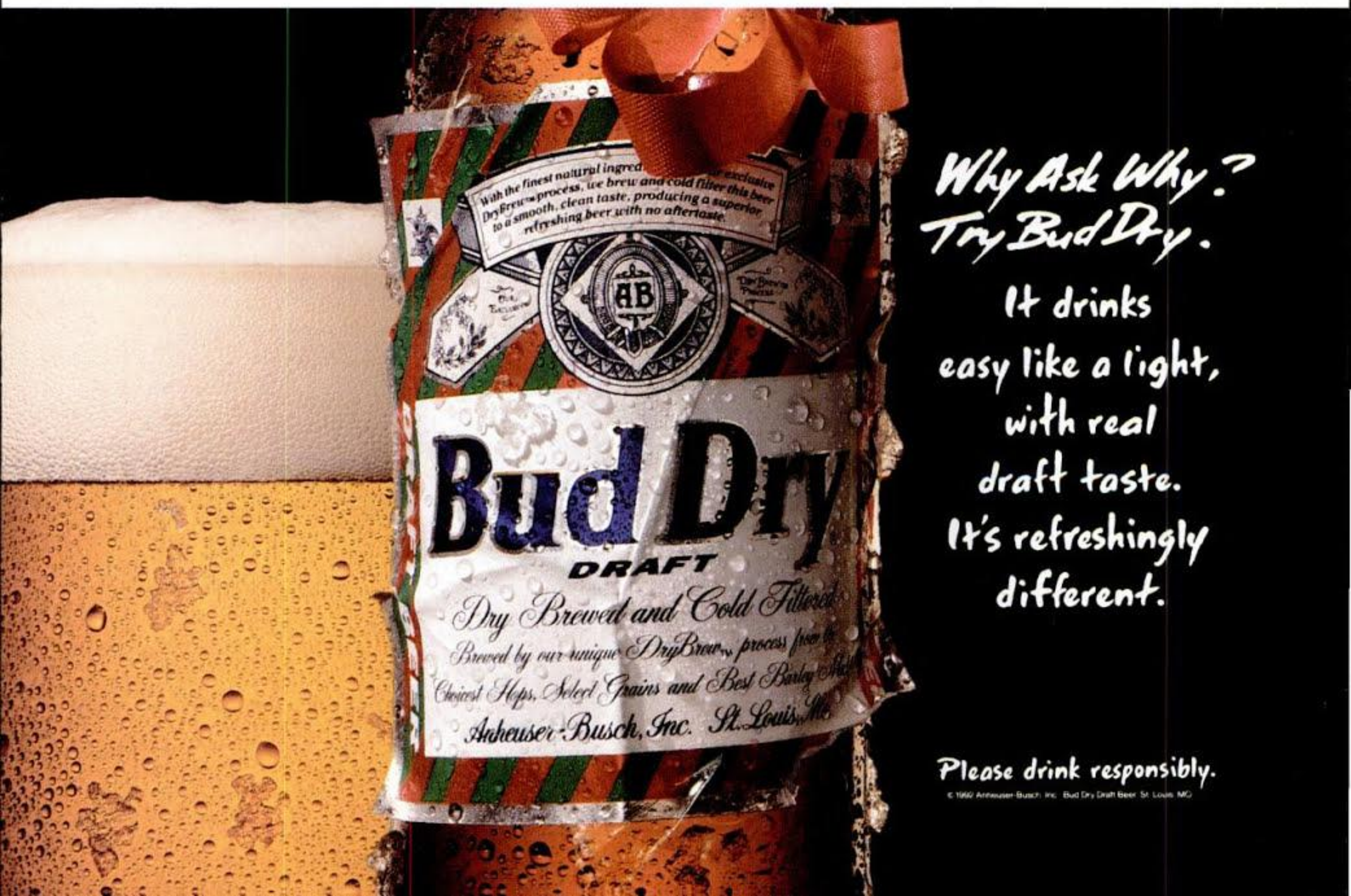
Why can't guys gift wrap?

coffee-table book featuring Madonna playing house with a family of tattooed lesbian skinheads and evoking warm memories of childhood. Being tied up during sex, Madonna and Time Warner declare, is "like when you were a baby your mother strapped you to a car seat. You wanted to be safe—it's an act of love." Or $20 million. That's how much the Duchess of York was reportedly offered to give up her two kids and get out of town, a deal allegedly negotiated by Fergie's bald hose monkey, John Bryan. Or $330,000. That's how much more *Murphy Brown* is making *per minute* this year from advertisers jumping on the anti-family-values bandwagon.

Even without hard numbers, some people know family value when they see it—the people at TriStar Pictures, for example, who abruptly decided to release Woody Allen's family comedy *Husbands and Wives* earlier and wider. Who can blame them? "They are taking advantage of it, but not in an evil or vulgar way," an industry executive told *The New York Times*. "I would have done it."

Of course, the family that the whole family really wants to see in a movie for the whole family won't be out until next year: *The Brady Bunch Movie*. Unfortunately, none of the old Bunch will be reprising their roles; they're all being recast. (Greg Brady's confession that he's an attempted motherfucker probably didn't help.) Nevertheless, a "source close to the project" says the original actors will be offered the chance to appear in cameos as "neighbors and friends" of the new Bunch. "None of them has careers right now," the source explained, "so they'll all be thrilled." Most thrilled of all would have to be the classically trained Robert Reed, since it would mean that he hadn't died of AIDS earlier this year. (Okay, so Mr. Brady was gay. It happens in the best families.) Brady purists will just have to settle for the inevitable rebroadcast of *A Very Brady Christmas*.

Come to think of it, we can't wait for Thanksgiving to be *over*, so we can move on to that magical, most valuable family time of year, the Judeo-Christian cold-weather holidays. It shouldn't be too long after Thanksgiving that they'll start showing that shining beacon of family values, *It's a Wonderful Life*, about a man who so loved his family that he became suicidal. And yet, in the end, when George Bailey, head of an unregulated and insolvent savings and loan, decides to go home and turn himself in to the Feds, his devotion to family values is amply rewarded with a giant pile of cash. He becomes "the richest man in town." That part always makes us cry.



Letters to SPY

From the SPY Mailroom



Magazine editors expect a more or less steady flow of story proposals from the public at large, and for the most part, they provoke nothing more than a chuckle or a wince. An editor would have been downright terrified, however, by the suggestion that began, "If you were to look at every Stallone photograph over the last four to six years...." It's letters like these that we in the mailroom intercept before they reach anyone's desk.

The Sylvester Stallone tale, courtesy of "AP" from Hollywood, er, *Florida*, is that Sly has gone into self-imposed exile and that any pictures you might see of him are really photographs of impostors: "He did not want anyone knowing his whereabouts because he claimed to be the victim of vicious satanic witch attacks." Ridiculous, you say? Not when you know who AP says is behind the attacks: *the Creative Artists Agency*.

Other proposed stories from the "not-quite-right-for-us-but-thanks-so-much-for-your-interest-in-SPY" file include a pitch by Rosemarie Deal of Cherry Hill, New Jersey, concerning "the growing problem of fraudulent and deceptive business practices and abuses concerning a Bethesda franchise company, and its connections with George Bush and the White House...." Meanwhile, "A.F." of Philadelphia alerted us to an art scandal in which a foundation "allowed untrained personnel to move paintings and muscle canvases from their frames." A.F. adds that "the 'free press' remains largely silent" about this "cultural holocaust." No doubt. It could be worse, though—we could work in the Supreme Court mailroom. After all, SPY has so far received only one letter from Monte Lee of the other Hollywood (you ▸

More Bushwhacking

There was a slight mistake in your July/August issue. The title of Joe Conason, David Robb and Larry Doyle's article should not have been "1,000 Reasons Not to Vote for George Bush," but rather "1,000 Reasons to *Impeach* George Bush."

Rafe Sagarin
Brewster, Massachusetts

Somewhere buried in the microscopic print in your "1,000 Reasons" was "91 percent of the military bases [that Bush] closed were in Democratic [congressional] districts." Come on, now. Because of the glacial stronghold the Democrats have had on the House of Representatives since before most of us were born, and because of the seniority system that used to give enormous power to committee chairmen—all of them, of course, Democrats, and many of them southern—building military bases in certain congressional districts was a way of "rewarding" the suckers who constantly voted for incumbent senescent congressmen. It should be no surprise that 91 percent of the bases that were closed were in Democratic districts, because probably 91 percent (or more) of *all* the bases, period, closed and still open, are in Democratic congressional districts.

Fred Grady
Lincoln, Nebraska

If the Democrats are so powerful that they created them, why are they so powerless to prevent their closing down?

I would like to submit Reason No. 1,001 (probably along with a host of other people) not to vote for George Bush: He fired Richard H. Truly, the administrator of NASA—a man who'd brought this nation's space program back to flight after the *Challenger* accident—on the advice of Dan Quayle.

Cody (Mrs. Richard) Truly
Alexandria, Virginia

I would like to contribute to the next 1,000.

1001 He thinks Pearl Harbor was bombed on September 7. **1002** He thinks Arkansas is located between Texas and Oklahoma. **1003** Pork rinds. **1004** He railed against hiring quotas and then replaced Thurgood Marshall with Clarence Thomas. **1005** He recently said his prolife position was a matter of principle and would never change. He was prochoice until 1980. **1006** Mary Matalin's memos. **1007** Floyd Brown's commercials. **1008** Mr. Family Values vetoed the Family Leave Bill in 1990, after supporting it during the 1988 campaign. **1009** He is *still* such a fucking twit.

Keep up the good work.

Richard Hill
Chicago, Illinois

I believe you left out another reason this president should not be reelected: son Neil's raising the $250,000 needed to pay for his attorneys' fees regarding the Silverado incident. If I remember correctly, he was soliciting the money from friends and family.

Bobbie Lerner
Sherman Oaks, California

Good for SPY and Joe Conason ["No. 1: He Cheats On His Wife"]. I expect Clinton to name SPY's editor ambassador to the Court of St. James's and Conason to Beijing, where he might find that maid.

Kathleen Brady
New York ▸▸

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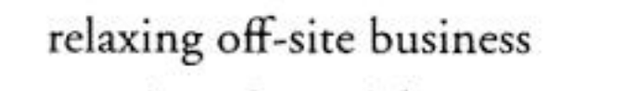
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know, *Hollywood*) regarding "illegal use of judicial administrative adjudicative proceedings to restrain interstate trade and commerce, and eliminate competition for a Dummy Switzerland Corporation...formed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to conceal proceeds and to protect fraud." The Supreme Court, writes Mr. Lee, has rejected his petition five times.

With the investigative reporting out of the way, we can return to the purpose for which this column was primarily devised: debates over foreign grammar. Having finally settled the thorny debate about Le Boozé Bar, which began with Harry Shearer's "America Le Beautiful" in October 1991 and raged on in this column into last May, we now open the floor to anyone with an opinion on the Japanese ***Bushushita***, which we translated as "to vomit" ("1,000 Reasons Not to Vote for George Bush," July/August). M.M. of Woodside, California, and Tirol, Austria—thus her proficiency in Japanese—tells us that ***Bushushita*** would actually be the past tense, "vomited." Ronald A. Barney, who, amazingly, actually lives in Japan, adds that the infinitive would be ***Bushusuru***, and that the literal translation is "to do a Bush."

And on the subject of George Bush's health, we have a fascinating report on the president's dentition from Richard E. Freedline, D.D.S., of Great Neck. Close examination of the photo in our July/August issue revealed the following problems to Dr. Freedline: "severe gingival recession with root abrasion and stain; old gold and old silver, obvious; short, dark and chipped front teeth." Fortunately, treatment is possible. Dr. Freedline recommends "cleanings, brushing and flossing instruction; bonding to exposed root surfaces; porcelain (crowns, inlays and bonding) to replace old, discolored gold and silver; bleaching, followed by porcelain veneers to improve cosmetic smile." No estimate from Dr. Freedline on how much this work ▸

Other Voices, Other Letters

Your breathtaking exposé of the Wackenhut Corporation ["Inside the Shadow CIA," by John Connolly, September] made me realize that some businesses are simply not what they seem. The monster that lurked menacingly under my childhood bed apparently has grown up, put on a suit and ventured into the daylight.

Franklin Lift
Boston, Massachusetts

I was disappointed in your choice of The Virtues of Vice at Hampshire College for "The 50 Stupidest College Courses in America" [September]. Among the student-taught workshops there recently have been Basic Massage; Them or Us: Critical Analysis of Science Fiction Films of the 50's; Critical Analysis of the *Star Wars* Trilogy (which covered such topics like "The Wookie as 'Other'"); I Saw Elvis at the Mall: Discovering America Within Yourself; and Speed-Metal Guitar Theory, which I myself taught.

Daniel Bukszpan
Class of '92
San Francisco, California

I never understood SPY's constant badgering of Liz Smith; it seemed obsessive. Then the *Los Angeles Times* began running her column every day, and I realized that you guys had actually been too easy on her—she's an idiot. What happened to The Liz Smith Toteboard? What happened to the countless unflattering pictures of her? She must be stopped, and I think only SPY can do the job. Please step up the attack.

Billy Ray
Los Angeles, California

Now *you come crawling to us—well, forget it!*

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VOICES AND VISIONS

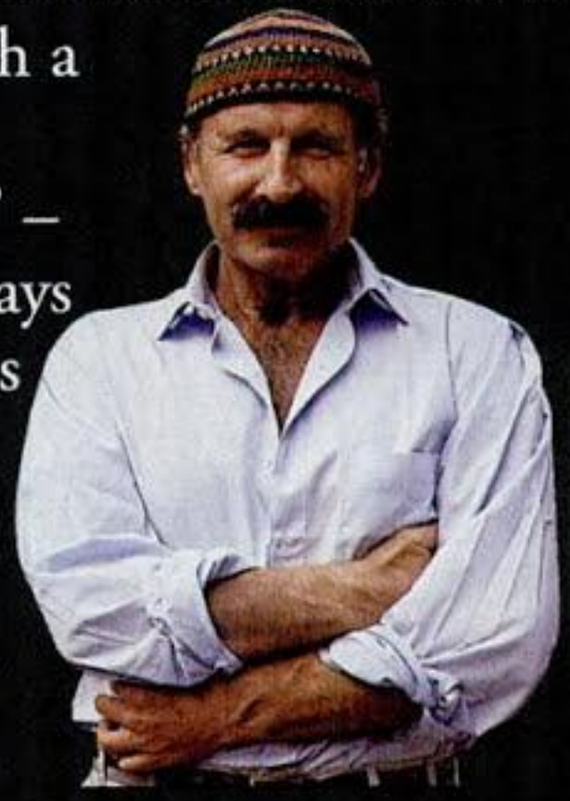


"What makes the blues tradition so special is that learning the styles of older musicians is a prerequisite. Then, the elements of each style that are most attractive to a performer can be used to tell a story." - *Branford Marsalis*



"I'm a storyteller singing songs that transcend race and culture and that personally move me. They give each listener a chance to connect to his or her own humanity. I chose to sing such classics as 'Skylark,' 'Stella By Starlight,' and others because of their timelessness." - *Nnenna Freelon*

"'Lost Tribes' is the human condition set to music with a rhythm I call 'rolling urgency' – different but always prevalent grooves personifying the negative as well as the positive aspects of life..." - *Joe Zawinul*



"Duke Ellington's achievements are singular. His music is American music representing the principles of democracy. Without focusing on that, it's difficult to understand what he's doing. That's the challenge of coming to grips with who he is." - *Wynton Marsalis, member of the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra*



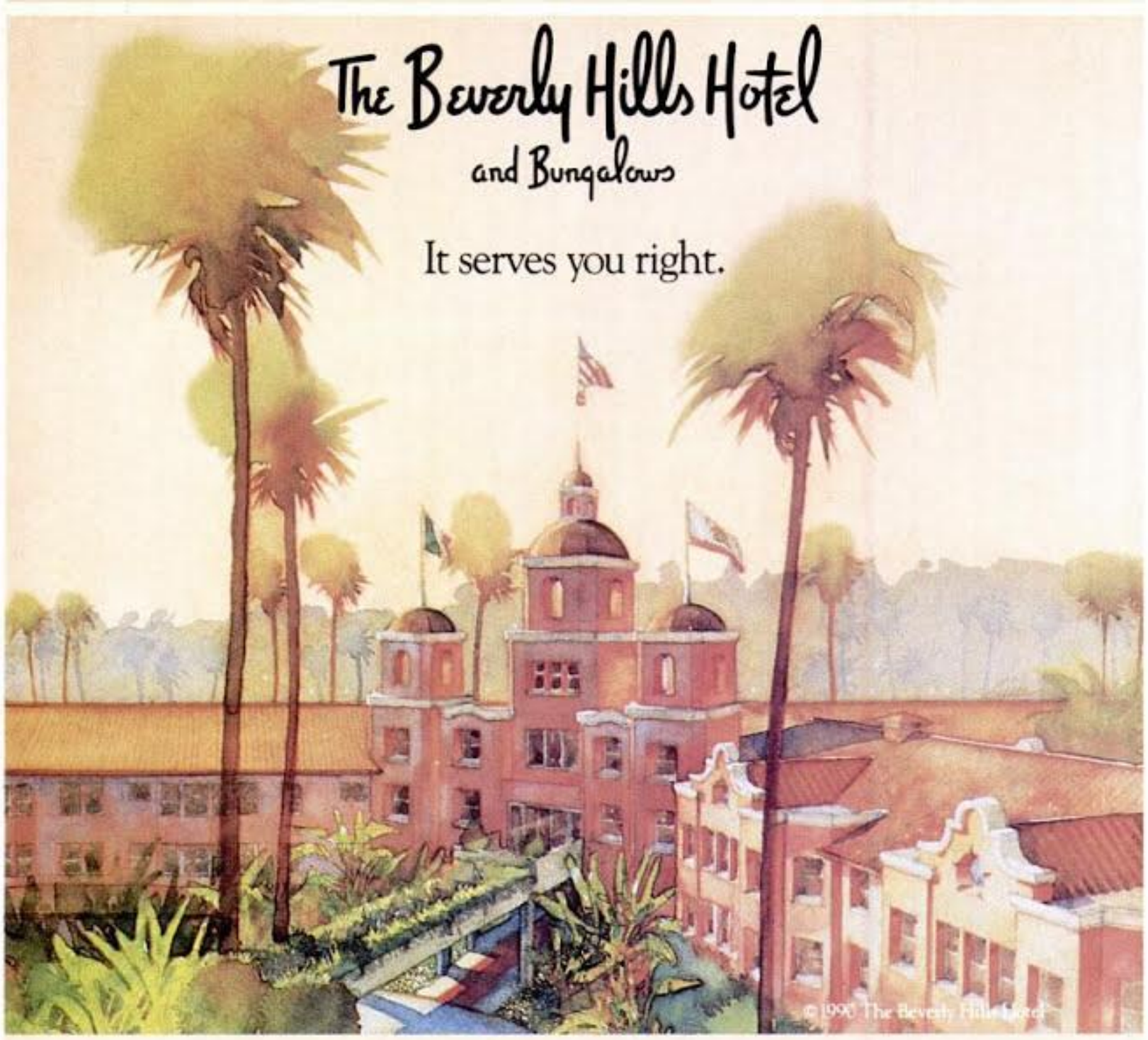


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might cost, but we presume that the president, unlike some other citizens, has full medical coverage.

No comments this month on Dan Quayle's gums, but Earl Lee of Pittsburg, er, *Kansas*, wants to know, "Is it true that Quayle, like Ronald Reagan, had an acting career before going into politics? A friend of mine swears that he saw Quayle in a film called *The Further Adventures of Tennessee Buck*, but I can't find the video." Can't find the classic *Tennessee Buck*? Ah, the tragedy of living in Kansas. Our local Blockbuster had a copy, and with $4.25 of SPY petty cash, we rented it in order to answer your question. Regrettably, Earl, your friend spotted not Quayle but actor Brant van Hoffman in this cruddy Indiana Jones rip-off. Van Hoffman does look a bit like the VP, though not enough, say, to appear in "Separated at Birth?" In case you were wondering, the film was made in 1988, which as far as we know is sometime after Quayle went into politics. It also stars former *Playboy* Playmate of the Year Kathy Shower, which is no doubt why Leonard Maltin calls an oil-rubdown scene, rather than Van Hoffman's performance, the film's highlight. As far as we know, Van Hoffman has not appeared in any films since then. Satanic witch attacks, perhaps?

Photographs Wanted

SPY is accepting submissions for a new Photos to the Editor section. Amusing, amazing, revealing, intriguing and otherwise appropriate photographs are welcome. (All material submitted becomes the property of SPY Corporation, and may be published by SPY in any form. SPY is not responsible for lost or damaged prints or transparencies.) Send all photos, with any necessary explanatory text, to Photos to the Editor, SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003.

CAUTION: THIS ALBUM CONTAINS WORTHWHILE LYRICS

Graham Parker

BURNING QUESTIONS



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Nipper's Lament

Decades from now, historians will no doubt conclude that it was the TV series *Kojak*, rather than any mix of economic and demographic variables, that drew business and upwardly mobile young professionals to New York in the 1970s and '80s. After all, Kojak is New York personified: tough but fair, crusty yet sentimental, and *quotable*. "When we were kids, we used to go fishing in the East River to see who could catch the ugliest fish," he said once, making an arrest. "I think I just won." His message is that the big game in the big town is simple, winnable and *fun*.

Since *Kojak*, many have cast their lines into the East River. In the record industry, foreign anglers have crammed the rails: Sony hooked CBS Records, Matsushita hauled in MCA and Geffen, Polygram snared Island and A&M, and Thorn EMI boated SBK. But the undeniable winner of the Kojak Memorial Ugly Fish Derby has been Germany's Bertelsmann.

Boldly laying its bait on the bottom, Bertelsmann was able to pull in RCA Records—one of those strange creatures that has lived for eons in waters so remote, it can no longer be recognized as one of its own species. These days, when RCA seldom has an entry on the pop charts, when some of its most promising artists are trying to break their contracts, it's nearly impossible to believe that in the 1950s, RCA was an undisputed industry leader.

Back then, RCA prospered by buying out the contracts of the best artists on the smaller labels, Elvis Presley and Sam Cooke among them. However, the label began to lose it in the 1960s: Aside from the Jefferson Airplane, it ceded underground rock to others.

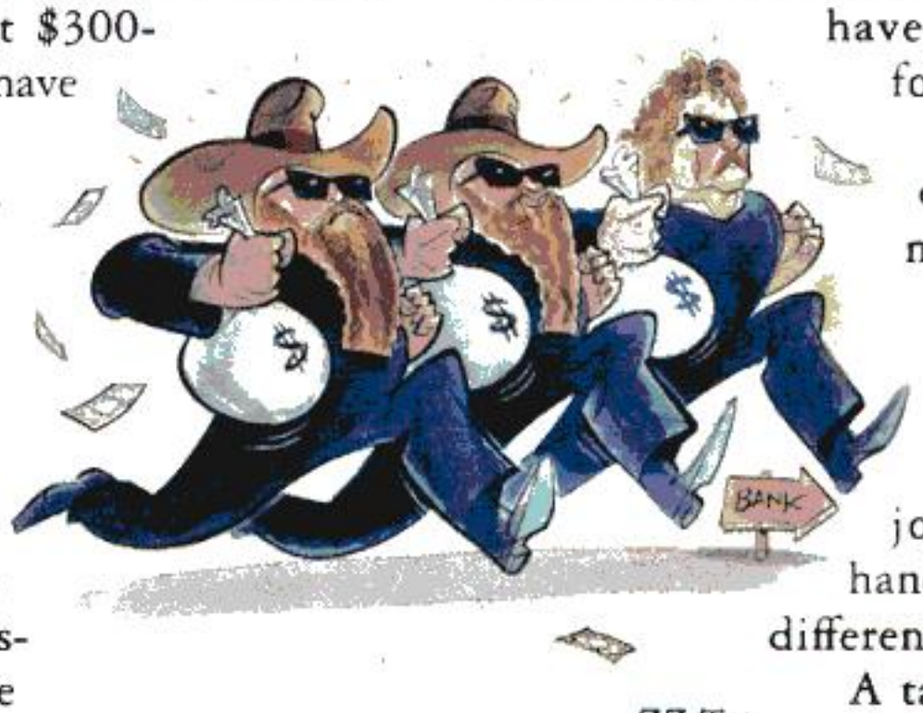
By the 1970s, RCA had David Bowie, a fair black-music roster—and not much else. During the '80s, RCA had Hall & Oates and the Eurythmics but wasted big money on fading stars like Kenny Rogers and Diana Ross. The story around the company was that Headquarters didn't want any artists "too far out"—they were worried that having weirdos in the corporate family might queer the company's defense contracts. (The harmlessly eccentric British band Bow Wow Wow was an example of "too far out.")

In 1985, RCA was sold to General Electric, which then spun it off to media conglomerate Bertelsmann. The price, about $300-million, should have been a bargain.

Should have. In the six years of Bertelsmann's ownership, RCA has developed one commercially successful rock star, Bruce Hornsby, and had one unqualified hit album, the soundtrack to *Dirty Dancing*. It did maintain a dependable country roster, so Bertelsmann promoted Nashville pooh-bah Joe Galante to the top spot in New York. Unfortunately, the country division weakened—only Clint Black has been a success—and the pop and rock divisions continued to decay. RCA now goes weeks without a single pop or rock act snaring one of the 200 slots on the U.S. *Billboard* album chart.

What does the future hold? One of RCA's more promising artists, Sean Penn's nice enough brother Michael, just released his second album—after spending the three years since his label debut trying to get *off* RCA. The terrific singer-guitarist Lucinda Williams was luckier: Her contract has been sold to Chameleon Records. And members of the British band Love & Rockets—who looked ready to happen last time around—have been allowed to semidefect and sign solo deals with Columbia and MCA.

Developing acts and keeping them happy and productive is the job of the A&R department. At RCA, being the head of A&R could have you pining for a position with job security—say, manager of the Yankees. Over the last two years, the job has been handled by four different executives. A tale circulated about one of them crystallizes the problem: The executive was said to have shown up four hours late for a scheduled A&R conference call, offering the excuse that he had been up late with Prince the night before. "Prince?" a voice on the L.A. side of the call said skeptically. "Gee, I saw him having dinner at Carlos 'N Charlie's last night."



ZZ Top

RCA signed ZZ Top for $6 million per album. The band's former label bid almost $3 million less.

Illustration by Eric Palma

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The depth of RCA's troubles may best be measured by its difficulties in finding someone to take the A&R job. In an industry where connections and word of mouth are everything and where upper-level executive slots never get advertised, RCA had to hire a headhunter to find someone.

That decision was apparently made by Michael Dornemann, the German head of Bertelsmann Music Group (not by Galante), in a kind of second-guessing that has been standard procedure at RCA since its sale. "When you deal with Tommy Mottola at Sony or Lenny Waronker at Warner Bros., you know you're dealing with guys who have the power to make decisions," says one artist manager. "You don't get that feeling talking to Galante."

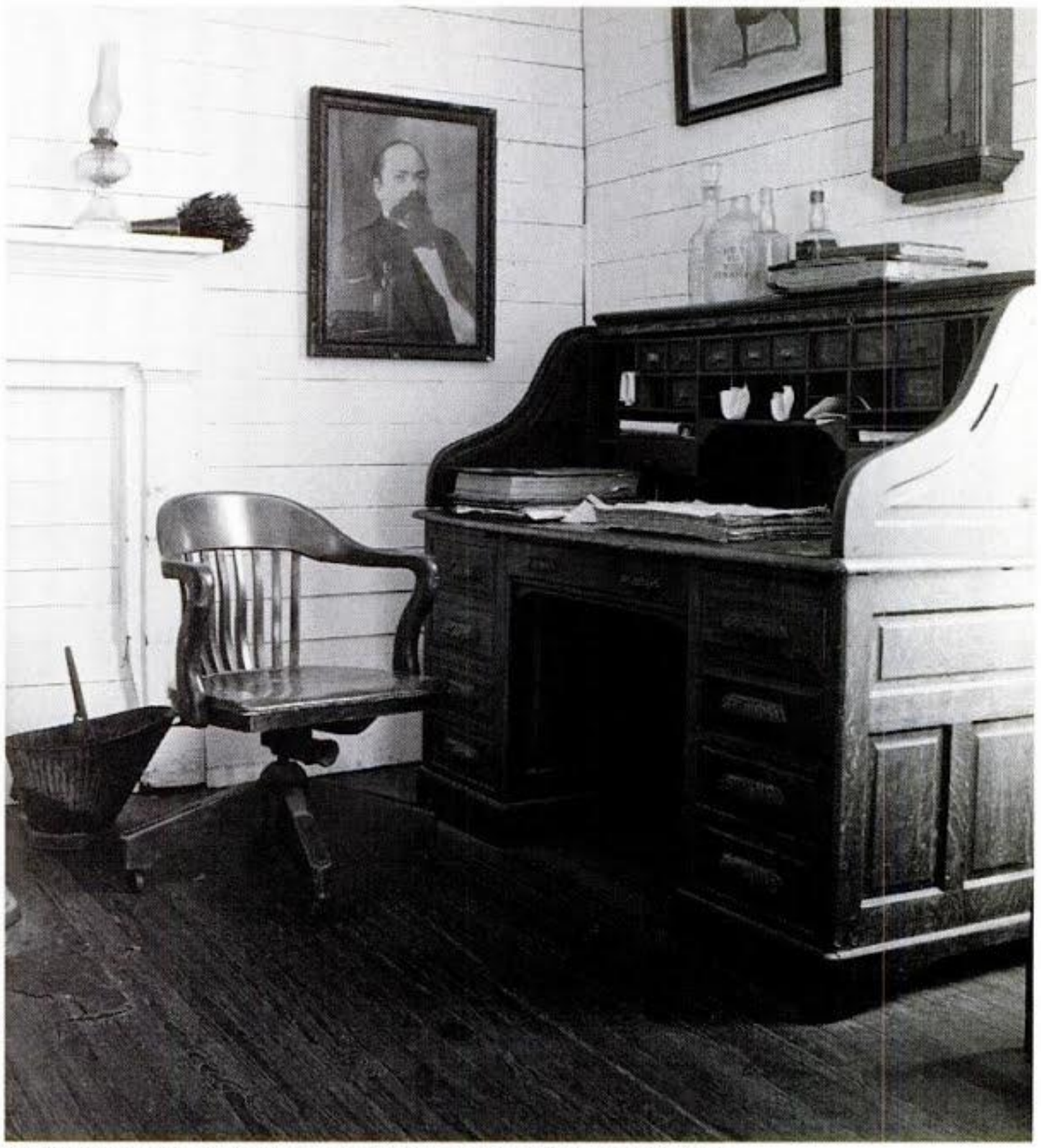
But Dornemann *himself* is being kept on a short leash: Earlier this year, when he wanted to buy Virgin Records, the Bertelsmann board wouldn't cough up the $1 billion. Instead, Virgin went to EMI and left Dornemann with a smaller part of a more concentrated business. Bertelsmann is now such a weak player in the U.S. market that its choice is clear: Get healthy or get out.

RCA's most recent move has been to sign ZZ Top to a contract that reportedly guarantees the boogiemeisters more than $6 million an album plus a $5 million signing bonus. The band's former label, Warner—which surely has a more intimate knowledge of ZZ Top's sales history—bid $3.5 million. Has RCA decided that buying established talent at any price is the only way to get back in the game? Or are they tarting up their roster with a few recognizable names in anticipation of a sale?

It's hardly likely that ZZ Top cares either way. If the albums are hits, great; and if RCA doesn't look like the kind of label that can make hits, you can always think of it as a retirement fund.

Now who loves ya, baby?

—Fred Goodman



Do you remember where you had your first Jack Daniel's? If so, we hope you'll drop us a line and tell us.

NO ONE IN LYNCHBURG knew why Jack Daniel missed work that spring day in 1904.

No one except his nephew Lem Motlow, who was sworn to silence. You see, Mr. Jack was bound for St. Louis and the World's Fair, where his whiskey could be judged against the world's finest. As it happened, Jack Daniel returned to Lynchburg with a lot less secrecy—and a gold medal in his hand for the best whiskey in the world. A sip, we believe, will confirm the Fair's judges knew their whiskey.



SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352
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The Dizzy Spell at Disney

Disneyesque, according to my dictionary, means "resembling or having the character of an animated cartoon." You know, *cute*. Not quite the way the word is used around here. "Niggardly" or "obsessively clean-cut," maybe. "Micromanaged, tightly controlled," sure, or "arrogant." But the fact is that all of these uses are becoming inappropriate. These days Disney is confused, anxious...and, happily (schadenfreude being what it is in show business), in a complete state of disarray.

Hypermacho Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer have not fit easily into the Disney groove. Having spent most of their time since being picked up by the studio fanatically developing (and failing to actually produce) cops-and-robbers movies, the team has finally started something Disney thinks will work: *Bulletproof Hearts*. Yes, it's a cop movie, but it's also a *buddy comedy*, and it stars not Tom Cruise but the very Disney, video-ready comics Dana Carvey and Jon Lovitz.

Even if *Bulletproof Hearts* doesn't come off, simply having a film in production puts Don and Jerry a step higher in people's eyes than the (figuratively) poor, increasingly loserish Dawn Steel. Steel has spent her time at Disney fundraising for Bill Clinton and writing (all right, putting her name on the cover of) an autobiography. At Disney, as at Columbia previously, she is still not making any friends. She continues to scream and bully, and her assistants' tenures are measured in weeks, not years. Her pride in being a "perfectionist" led her to tell associates last May, "You know how particular I am about my help. I *knew* the riots were bad when my maid showed up 20 minutes late."

But where's the product? As a concept, *Jamaican bobsled team* might have made a good light-beer commercial, but does Steel really expect a hit out of *The Blue Maaga*, which she dares to call "my *Rocky*"? It was wisely killed (although it has now been allowed to crawl out of development purgatory; shooting is supposed to start in December). Last year she was kept off *Honey, I Blew Up the Kid*, and the remake of *The Red Shoes*, which Steel purchased the rights to for Disney, has also been taken away from her. She is now attempting to bring to the screen the true story of a midwestern cantor who befriended a Nebraska Klansman (free title suggestion: *Guess Who's Coming to Seder?*). Bye-bye, Dawn!



Dawn

Getting a film shot is only half the battle. Selling tickets would be nice, too. Disney's only big hit of 1992, *Sister Act*, succeeded *despite* Disney. Screenwriter Paul Rudnick had his name removed, and producer Scott Rudin considered doing the same. And Whoòpi Goldberg is only fitfully a Disney type. The mutual antipathy first flared a few years ago at a benefit to which Disney CEO Michael Eisner had lent his home; she delivered her remarks using the word *motherfucker* more times than Eisner had probably ever heard in his life. Tensions on the set of *Sister Act* are well documented (her NIGGERTEER T-shirts, for example). Fortunately for Disney, they nevertheless agreed to buy and release the vanity bomb *Sarafina!* as a presumptive favor to Goldberg—a favor they now expect to be repaid in the form of *Sister Act II*.

Increasingly loserish Dawn Steel still screams and bullies; her assistants' tenures are weeks, not years

Speaking of foulmouthed, non-traditionally-Disney comedians, the studio is betting the clubhouse on Eddie Murphy's next picture, *The Distinguished Gentleman*, which is to be its big Christmas picture. The film, in which Murphy plays a crook-turned-congressman, was conceived, written and executive-produced by a Disney *executive*, Marty Kaplan (tell me again how unrealistic *The Player* is). Kaplan was a natural to write a 1992 movie about Washington—like a certain presidential candidate, he is a preternaturally ambitious baby-boomer, an Ivy Leaguer, a Rhodes scholar and the husband of a tough, blondish liberal tactician. British director Jonathan Lynn found Kaplan somewhat difficult to work with, owing perhaps to the rewrites required, or simply because of Kaplan's overweening self-confidence. (Hey, no wonder Kaplan's full of himself—he was *(continued on page 20)*

Illustration by Robert Risko

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

PARLIAMENT

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a speechwriter for *Walter Mondale*!)

Behind *Distinguished Gentleman* is the impressive young Hollywood Pictures executive Danny Halsted (friends say he grew up as Danny Cohen), the swinger who developed *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle* and *Encino Man*. Halsted apparently knows what audiences like, but his buttoned-down bosses don't approve of his high-profile, party-boy life-style. He ought to be Ricardo Mestres's (and Jeffrey Katzenberg's) golden boy, but he isn't.

On Disney's immediate horizon is *Alive*, a costly Vincent Spano vehicle about plane-crash survivors eating one another. (A Thanksgiving movie about cannibalism! How nice!) Not on the immediate horizon—it was supposed to start shooting last March but didn't get going until May—is the kids' movie *A Far Off Place*, based on the novel by Prince Charles's Rasputin, Laurens Van der Post. With the cinematographer becoming the director by default after the original director was fired on location in Africa, it's still ridiculously behind schedule. What happened to Disney's hard-nosed habit of dropping doomed, screwy projects before they spiral out of control?

Disney, what has become of you? Don't ask Sparky Katzenberg. He's devoting most of his energy to his strenuous change of image—from mean, manic executive in sharp Italian suits to touchie-feelie Gap posterboy. (Hey, Sparky, I especially like the Mickey Mouse T under the jacket that you wore to Locanda Veneta—it *works*.) And now that Ricardo Mestres, the uptight ultra-fop who runs Hollywood Pictures, is appearing at the office in jeans and sport shirts, it's clear that Disney is coming undone—nor is it just the dress code. At a corporate retreat over the summer, Katzenberg—*Katzenberg!*—actually declared, *We'd make better movies and TV shows if we all just slowed down.*

Maybe the new, 180-degree-different Katzenberg is for real. But clearly some of the old weaseliness remains: How else to explain the story he planted with *The New York Times*'s ordinarily terrific Bernard Weinraub about the supposed interstudio alliance-of-great-minds between himself, Paramount's Brandon Tartikoff and Fox's Joe Roth? According to at least one of Katzenberg's ostensible confreres, no such cartel exists. Or maybe Sparky's new, ostentatious Zen mellowness is just his way of dealing with the fact that, after eight years of running Disney Studios and bringing it back from the dead, he's *still* not an officer of the company or member of Disney's corporate board.

After eight years of running its studios, Katzenberg's still not an officer or member of Disney's board

Meanwhile, there's trouble all over the Disney empire. EuroDisney is tanking. And then there's Arthur Kent, who, after his dismissal by NBC, is said to have declined an offer from Disney TV to join its pilot *The Crusaders*, starring sexy young video journalists who bravely right the world's wrongs. Finally, in a telling recent sign of the evaporation of the Disney mystique, the company has relaxed its training-cum-hazing policy of very, very strongly suggesting that new executives spend a day sweating inside a Goofy or Donald Duck suit at one of its theme parks.

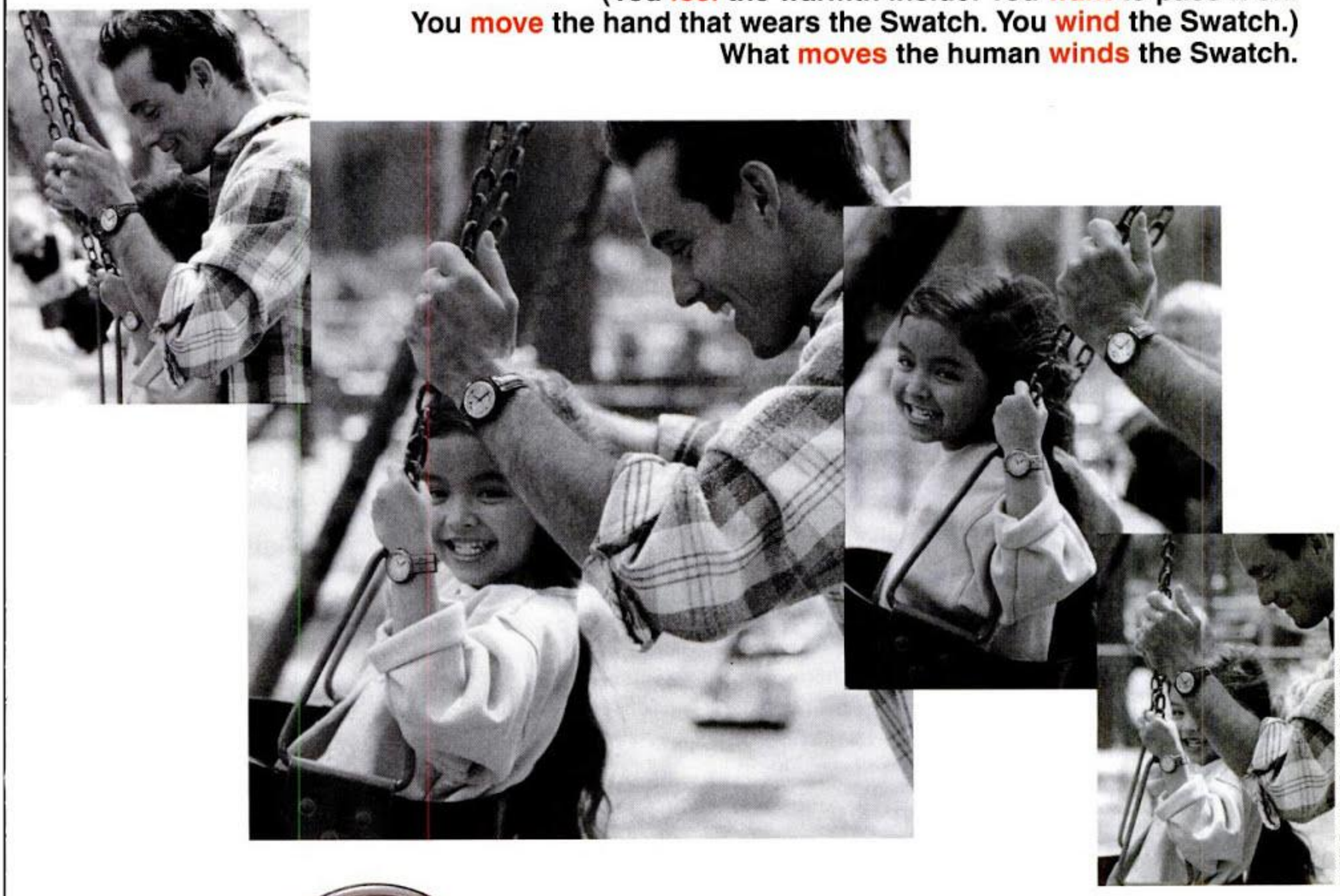
One branch of Disney that seems to be on solid footing, however, is the legal department. The 101 lawyers (hey, just like the Dalmatians! *Cute!*) initiate an average of three lawsuits every working day. Interestingly, old Igor Stravinsky, back around 1937, found himself approached by the studio about using *The Rite of Spring* in *Fantasia*. "The request was accompanied," he wrote in a letter that I recently came across, "by a gentle warning that if permission were withheld the music would be used anyway, [as it was] not copyrighted in the United States." Wait a minute, when exactly did *Disneyesque* mean "cute"?

Trims and Ends: Speaking of Joe Roth, the anxiety continues: While Rupert Murdoch is figuring out the studio business up close, Roth is evidently still working without a contract—and is now, it seems, understandably but peevishly instigating a one-man work slowdown in protest....How much trouble is InterTalent really in? *The* hot agency when it was started three and a half years ago by a swaggering band of refugees from Creative Artists Agency and International Creative Management, InterTalent is caught in a financial squeeze. Slick, studly cofounder Bill Block spends a lot of time (too much) insisting angrily (too angrily) that the agency isn't unraveling. One of InterTalent's problems is endemic to any newish, smaller agency—the big names simply won't risk leaving CAA or ICM to sign up. On the other hand, InterTalent set itself up for a hard fall from the get-go with its huge overhead. It set up shop with expensive, excessively roomy real estate on Rodeo Drive and had to make big outlays to buy a smaller agency that represented acts like R.E.M.; it'll be some time before those bands start generating fees....Some girls have all the luck. Doing a "character polish" remains the single best way to beat the show biz depression. Wendy Wasserstein, for example, picked up a quick $150,000 for polishes on last year's amusing box office dud *Soapdish*. *Soapdish?* See you Monday night at Mortons, Wendy. You're buying. —*Celia Brady*

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Poor Little Rich Museum

Like so many other cultural institutions, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, the country's preeminent art museum, is struggling these days. Even the Met's satellite gift shops in malls around the country are faring poorly, and as everybody knows, when the bowls and scarfs and cat statues aren't moving, an art museum really is in trouble. However, art and knickknack lovers should not despair, for SPY has learned that over the past few years, a fund dedicated exclusively to the Met has quietly grown by several hundred million dollars. No one seems to know about this extraordinary good fortune, and the poor-mouthing museum is not exactly eager to publicize it.

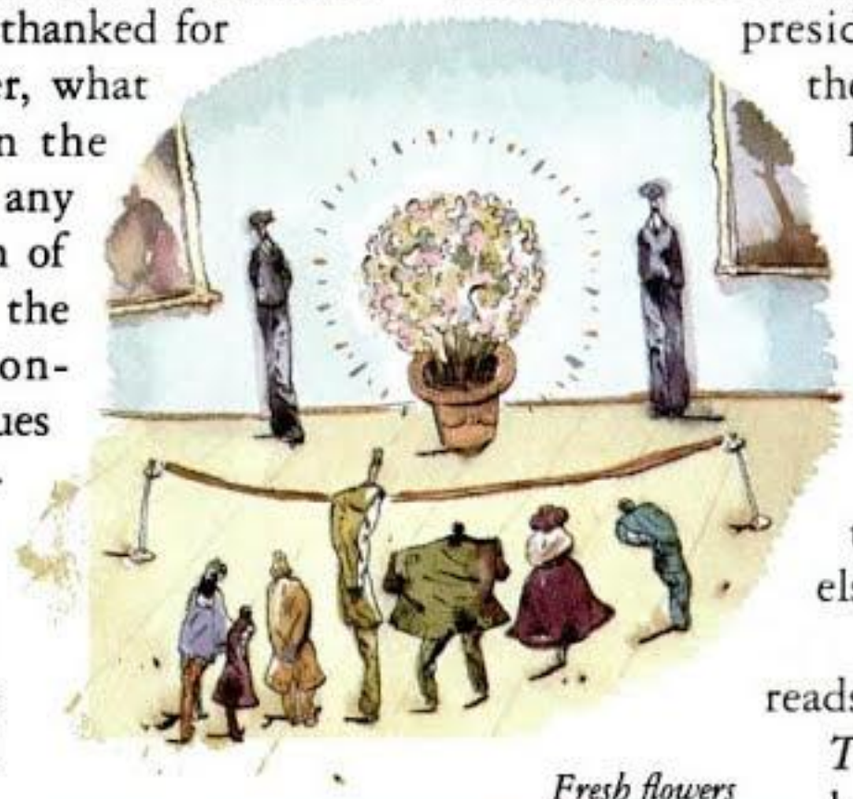
For many years Lila Acheson Wallace, wife of the founder of *Reader's Digest*, was probably best known as the woman who gave the Metropolitan Museum the money to keep fresh flowers in its Great Hall. She also paid for the renovation of the hall in the late 1960s, and her generosity to the Met did not stop there. She died in 1984, but in 1981 she'd set up the Lila Acheson Wallace Fund for the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The purpose of the fund was to provide "direct operating support for the Twentieth Century and Egyptian Art Departments; the Lila Acheson Wallace Wing for Twentieth Century Art; the Egyptian galleries; and for other projects as may be mutually agreed upon." In the next two years Wallace gave the fund stock in the then-private Reader's Digest Association Inc. that was valued at about $17 million.

Paintings of flowers—Van Gogh's *Irises*, say—soared in price during the 1980s, and so did the gift of the Met's floral benefactress. By the time Reader's Digest went public in 1990, the Wallace Fund's holdings in the stock were worth $226 million. The stock, which pays a $1-per-share dividend, has continued to go up and recently traded at $53 a share, so the 6,826,531 shares the fund currently owns are worth more than $350 million. The fund also has other investments and, according to a spokesman, now has assets totaling $460 million.

The Metropolitan Museum is not ungrateful to Lila Acheson Wallace. In the museum's last annual report, the Wallace Fund was mentioned prominently and thanked for its help. However, what you can't find in the annual report is any specific indication of the amount that the Wallace Fund contributed to revenues that year. More astonishing, there is no mention whatsoever of the enormous size to which the fund has grown.

What's $460-million between friends? Well, in the annual report, which repeatedly complains of cuts in state and city funding, the strapped museum says that its endowment is worth $450-million. *The Wallace Fund is bigger than the museum's entire endowment.*

Without identifying them, the museum includes dividends from the Wallace Fund in its operating revenues, but it does not put the fund's assets on its balance sheet. Since the Met does not have access to the Wallace Fund's capital, it has followed standard accounting procedures by treating the fund this way. However, one would think that there would be room to describe the Wallace Fund somewhere in the museum's 112-page annual report. After all, it discusses everything from professional travel stipends to quilts and coverlets. As things stand, none of the Met's members or contributors would ever know that there happens to be an extra $460-million sitting around whose sole purpose is to benefit the museum. And when we called Ashton Hawkins, the Met's executive vice president, to discuss the Wallace Fund, he answered one question and then, learning he had SPY on the phone, said, "I don't think I'd better say anything else to you."



Fresh flowers

The Met's members would never know that there is an extra $460 million sitting around

No one who reads *The New York Times* would know about the amazing growth of the Wallace Fund, either. The paper has never mentioned this wonderful boon to the city's cultural life, even though publisher emeritus Punch Sulzberger would certainly be in a position to know about it. He's chairman of the Met's board of trustees.

—John Connolly, with Carol Vinzant

Illustration by Barry Blitt

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Night becomes Opal Nera.

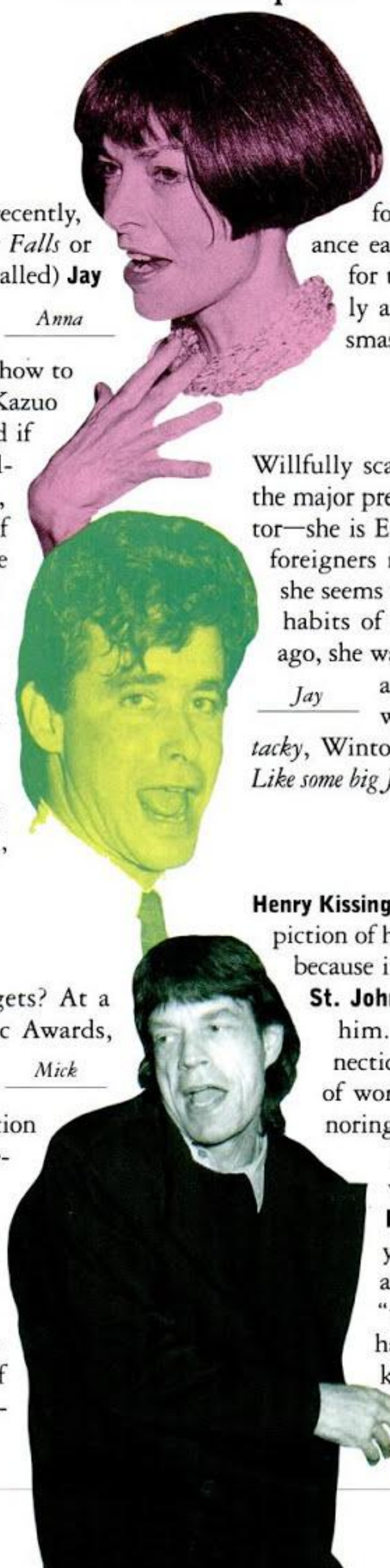
Opal Nera

The *original* black sambuca of Italy.

Opal Nera Sambuca • 40° Alc. Vol. • Liqueur • Imported in bottle by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc. Farmington Hills, MI © 1991

Naked City

The Usual Suspects



Anna

Jay

Mick

1

At a small dinner for **James Ivory** recently, the very serious novelist (*Brightness Falls* or *Fallen Archness* or whatever it was called) **Jay McInerney** condescended to explain to the director of *Howard's End* and 23 other remarkable films how to direct his next project, based on Kazuo Ishiguro's *Remains of the Day*. Asked if he'd read the novel, McInerney allowed that no, he hadn't. Then, saying their surnames in a sort of half-voice in case anyone missed the reference, he mentioned that he'd just returned from London, where he saw his dear, dear friends "Julian...(Barnes)" and "Martin...(Amis)." Not all his conversation was self-servingly highbrow, however. He seemed to relish talking repeatedly about "fags." He wasn't talking about cigarettes. Appalled, Ivory left early.

2

Who said rock 'n' roll never forgets? At a party after the MTV Video Music Awards, middle-aged former substance abusers **Mick Jagger** and **Eric Clapton** engaged in an earnest conversation about current rockers and more recent substance abusers such as certain members of **Nirvana** and **Guns N' Roses**. *Can you believe it?*, they said. *That hair, those clothes. And it's not just when they're onstage!* Rock's elder statesmen can take some comfort, however—at least part of Nirvana's act is indeed an act. Before their *Saturday Night Live* appearance earlier this year, rebel spokesmumbler for the X Generation **Kurt Cobain** politely asked **Lorne Michaels** for *permission* to smash Nirvana's instruments onstage.

3

Willfully scary *Vogue* editor **Anna Wintour** meets the major prerequisite for being a Condé Nast editor—she is English—but unlike most of the other foreigners running **S. I. Newhouse**'s magazines, she seems not to understand that certain British habits of mind do not travel well. Not long ago, she was obliged to attend a gala in honor of a certain New York fashion eminence who happens to be Jewish. *It was so tacky*, Wintour complained afterward, **Taki**-ishly. *Like some big Jewish bar mitzvah or something.*

4

Henry Kissinger is angry over a new biography's depiction of him as duplicitous—and also, perhaps, because it says he never actually slept with **Jill St. John** or the other starlets procured for him. During a recent party at his Connecticut house, he waddled over to a group of women waiting to use a bathroom, ignoring the middle-aged somebodys in line (including the not-exactly-*schwingy* wives of **Oscar de la Renta** and **Henry Kravis**) to press close to a very pretty young nobody. "I could show you to another bathroom *upstairs*," he purred, "where I can guarantee you would have *privacy*." The babe, who was in kindergarten when Kissinger bombed Cambodia, demurred.

Hand lettering by Lilla Rogers

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A Brief History of Television

Part VI: "Turkey Day"

November 23, 1961 **HAZEL** (NBC) Thanksgiving dinner at the Baxters' is ruined by family squabbling.

November 23, 1967 **THAT GIRL** (ABC) Thanksgiving dinner at Ann's is ruined by a series of mishaps.

November 23, 1974 **THE BOB NEWHART SHOW** (CBS) Thanksgiving dinner at the Hartleys' is ruined by family squabbling.

November 24, 1975 **ALL IN THE FAMILY** (CBS) Thanksgiving dinner at the Bunkers' is ruined by family squabbling.

November 19, 1979 **M*A*S*H** (CBS) Thanksgiving dinner at the 4077th is ruined when the food is inedible.

November 24, 1982 **FAMILY TIES** (NBC) Thanksgiving dinner at the Keatons' is ruined by a series of mishaps.

November 16, 1984 **WEBSTER** (ABC) Thanksgiving dinner at the Papadapolises' is ruined by family squabbling.

November 25, 1985 **KATE & ALLIE** (CBS) Thanksgiving dinner at the McArdle-Lowell home is ruined by a series of mishaps.

November 23, 1988 **NIGHT COURT** (NBC) Thanksgiving dinner at the courthouse is ruined when the food is inedible.

November 22, 1990 **THE SIMPSONS** (Fox) Thanksgiving dinner at the Simpsons' is ruined by family squabbling.

November 22, 1991 **PERFECT STRANGERS** (ABC) Thanksgiving dinner at the cousins' is ruined by a series of mishaps.

—Joseph Malgarini

Private Lives of Public Figures



After a hard day of campaigning, Bill Clinton teaches Karenna Gore how to play the saxophone.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski



Lionel Dahmer, Child-Rearing Expert

Here are selections from a book proposal that was sent to publishers earlier this year:

To whom it may concern:

My name is Lionel Dahmer, I'm 55 years old. I hold a Ph.D. in Chemistry, have been married twice, and have two sons, Jeff and David. As recently as a year ago, I thought of myself as a husband, father, chemist; an average American. Then the floor fell out from under me. As I write this, I'm sitting in the Milwaukee County Courthouse at Jeff's sanity trial. My wife, Shari, sits next to me.

My nightmare began on July 23, 1991. I called Jeff... about 8:00 am.... I didn't recognize the voice that answered the phone. It wasn't Jeff, it was the police. The officer said Jeff had been taken into custody. My first thought was, "Not again."

Little more than a year before, Jeff had been accused of mo- ▶

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lesting a 15-year-old boy. This, I thought, was the climax of a series of disturbing incidents. Alcoholism, the occult, a gun, a hunting knife, disorderly conduct; I had dealt with each of Jeff's problems over the years as they arose. The incident with the 15-year-old boy had finally brought legal action and incarceration. I had hoped it would make a difference.

Now I sit in a crowded courtroom...and I'm shocked at how little I know him; not just in terms of his crimes, but in the number of personal experiences he managed to hide from me. Internalized anger in childhood, abnormal fantasies at 10; homosexuality at 14; alcoholism at 17; murder at 18; lobotomies; necrophelia [*sic*]; dismemberment; cannibalism...The list is horrifying.

Which is my son? The gentle, insecure boy/man who used to go with me every Saturday morning for a cherry ice cream soda? Or the twisted killer that has taken his place among the ranks of history's most aberrant serial killers?...

If I were to write a book about my experience, I would want to pull from a large variety of sources. Drawing from a wealth of family photographs, home movies, correspondence, early voice recordings, law enforcement officers, psychiatrists, and interviews with Jeff himself, I'd like to present a complete and accurate picture of my son....At its very least, it would be useful to fathers ▸

Naked City

Fat Nip-Killer or Thin?

Stamps the Japanese Won't Be Collecting



Taking a subtle new approach to Nippophobia, the United States Postal Service has been selling 50-cent stamps—the standard for overseas letters—honoring World War II admiral Chester W. Nimitz. Thousands of letters bearing the Nimitz stamp are delivered each day to people in Japan.

A FEW OF NIMITZ'S WARTIME ACHIEVEMENTS:

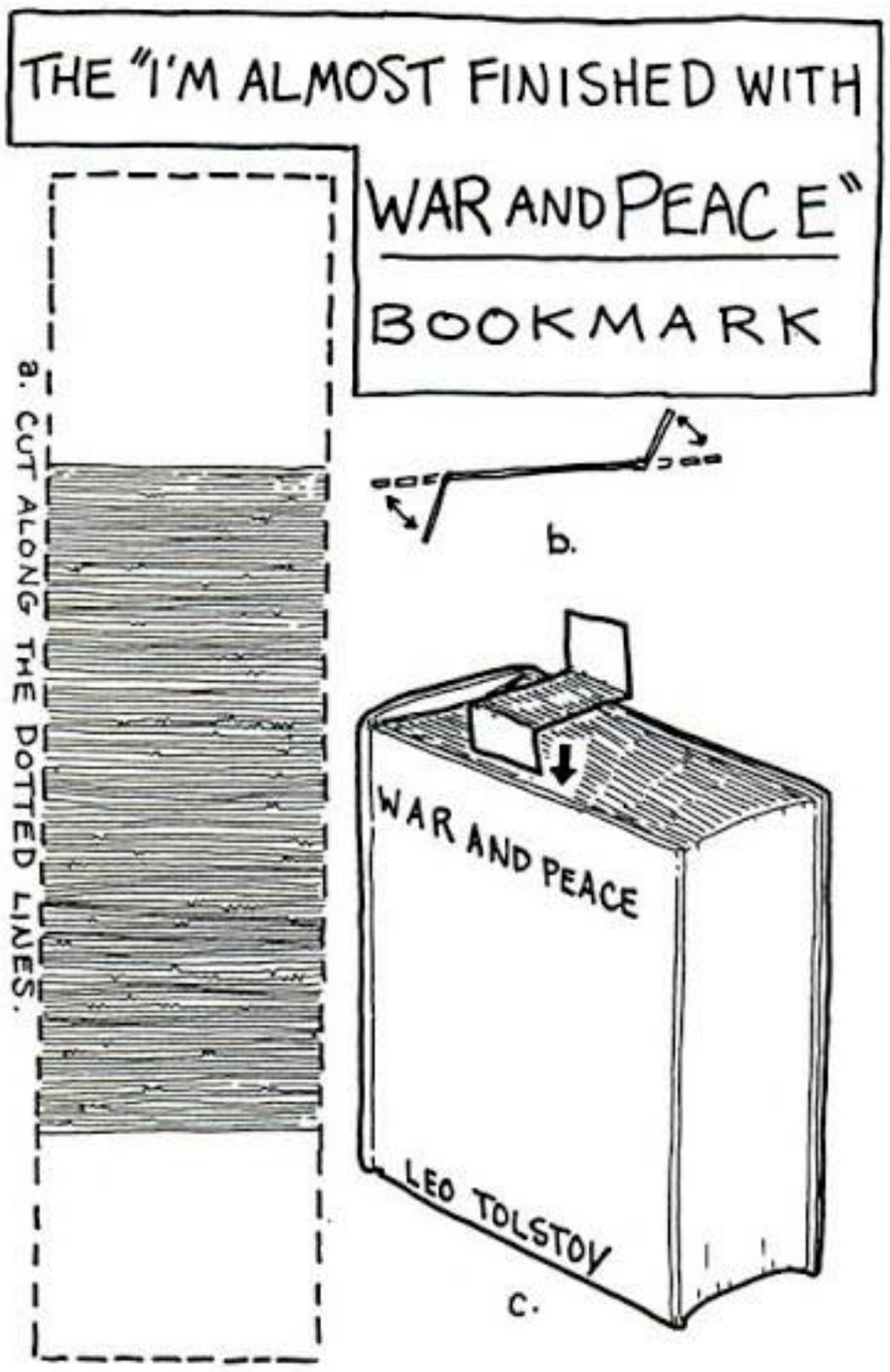
Crushing the Japanese navy at Midway (1942)

Finishing off the Japanese Combined Fleet at Leyte Gulf (1944)

Presiding (with General Douglas MacArthur) over the killing of a total of 1.3 million Japanese people in four years (1941–45)

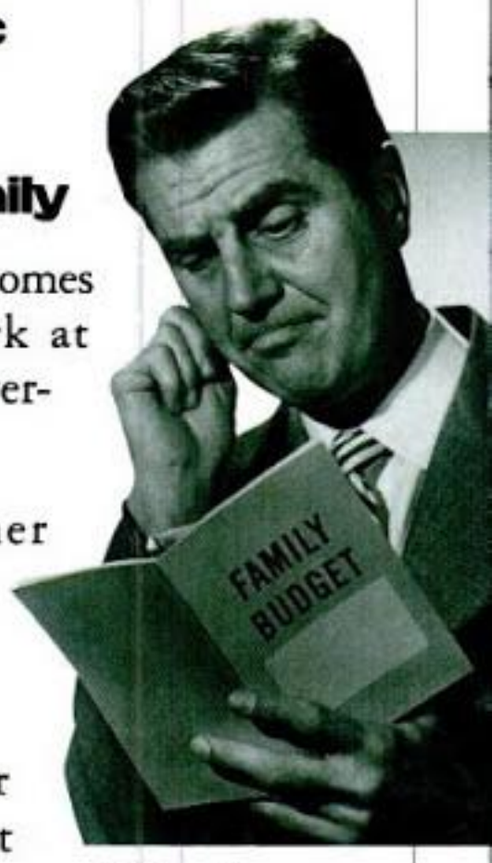
Signing the Japanese document of surrender aboard the U.S.S. *Missouri* in Tokyo Bay (1945)

—Chuck Thompson



A Child's Guide

Determining the Economic Status of One's Family



If your father comes home from work at 4:30, you're lower-middle-class.

If your father comes home at 5:30, you're middle-class.

If your father comes home at 6:30, you're upper-middle-class.

If your father never comes home at all, you're rich.

If your father never leaves home, you're poor.

—Dale Tomajan

Cartoon by Bill Long

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WAYNE SHORTER

DAVID SANBORN

SHIRLEY HORN

AL JARREAU

TAKE 6

DR. JOHN

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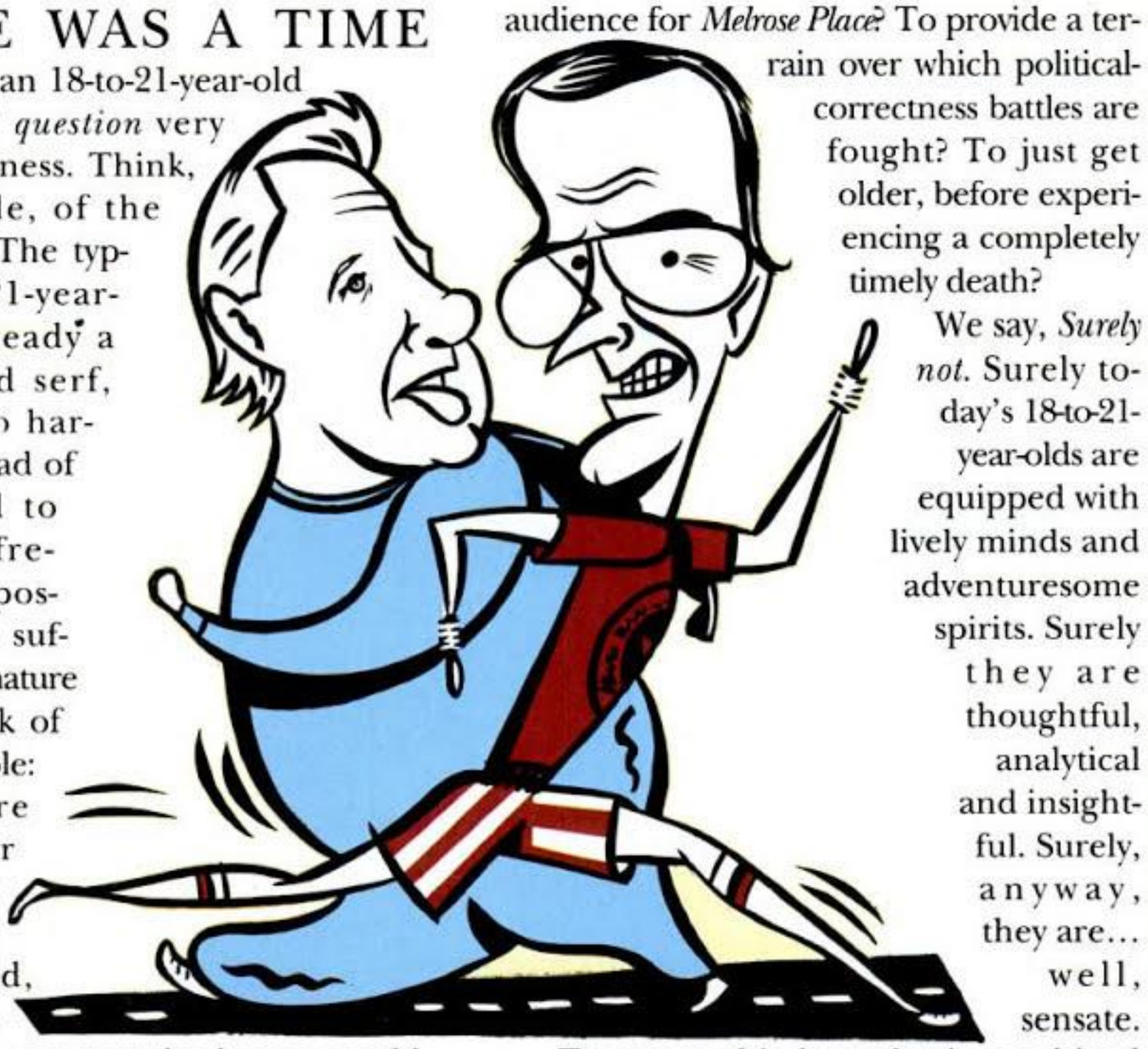
Politics?

GET SERIOUS.

Presenting the results of the* TDK/SPY *"Get Serious" Poll

THERE WAS A TIME when being an 18-to-21-year-old was *without question* very serious business. Think, for example, of the Dark Ages: The typical 18-to-21-year-old was already a full-fledged serf, expected to harvest a full load of thatch and to breed as frequently as possible before suffering a premature death. Think of famous people: If you were Alexander the Great and 18 to 21 years old, you were expected to conquer the known world, before suffering a premature death. If you were John Keats at that age, you were expected to compose a lot of romantic poetry, before suffering a premature death. If you were George Bush, you were supposed to bomb a lot of enemy strongholds, before suffering a premature death. Of course, things don't always work out as planned.

Today, 18-to-21-year-olds are expected...to do what? To constitute an audience for *Melrose Place*? To provide a terrain over which political-correctness battles are fought? To just get older, before experiencing a completely timely death?



We say, *Surely not*. Surely today's 18-to-21-year-olds are equipped with lively minds and adventuresome spirits. Surely they are thoughtful, analytical and insightful. Surely, anyway, they are... well, sensate.

To prove this hypothesis, we hired professional polling firm Frank I. Luntz & Associates to plumb the minds of this all-important demographic, to discover what college students are thinking about the upcoming presidential election. More than 1,190 full-time college students 18 years of age and older were interviewed for this purpose. The results may surprise you. And if they don't, maybe we'll just send the students back out to collect thatch and breed.

Which candidate would you rather have as your father?

Bush	39%
Clinton	43%

Which candidate would you rather have baby-sit your kids?

Bush	42%
Clinton	31%

Do you consider yourself...

Republican	25%
Democrat	28%
Independent	42%

If you learned that a presidential candidate had committed adultery, would you be...

More likely to vote for him	2%
Less likely to vote for him	48%
It wouldn't make a difference	50%

How angry are you with the conditions in the United States today?

Extremely angry	7%
Very angry	22%
Somewhat angry	48%
Not too angry	20%
Not angry at all	3%

What do you think is the most important issue in this election?

Employment/Jobs	27%
Education	20%
Deficit/Debt	13%
Abortion	12%
Foreign Policy	3%

Which candidate do you think would make a better lover?

Bush	*6%*
Clinton	*70%*

How much trust do you have in the government to do what's right?

A lot of trust	9%
Some trust	48%
Very little trust	35%
No trust at all	7%

Which candidate do you think is more likely to cry?

Bush	25%
Clinton	46%



DESIGN BY OUR DESIGNS, NYC

★ ★ ★ Illustrations by Russell O. Jones ★ ★ ★

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If the election were held today, whom would you vote for?

Bush	35%
Clinton	56%
Don't know	9%

Which candidate do you think is more full of crap?

Bush	45%
Clinton	31%



Which candidate do you think would stuff a ballot box if he could?

Bush	30%
Clinton	35%

Whom would you rather have as your mother?

Barbara Bush	56%
Hillary Clinton	40%

Are your political opinions...

Similar to your father's	16%
Similar to your mother's	13%
Similar to both	44%
Very different from both	25%
Don't know	2%

If a qualified woman ran for president, would you be...

More likely to vote for her because she's a woman	18%
Less likely to vote for her because she's a woman	11%
It wouldn't make a difference	70%

If Dan Quayle became president, do you think he would most likely be...

A harmless bumbler	27%
A dangerous right-wing nut	23%
Surprisingly competent	31%

If you learned that a presidential candidate occasionally smoked marijuana while in college, would you be...

More likely to vote for him	8%
Less likely to vote for him	13%
It wouldn't make a difference	79%

Do you believe that Hollywood is run by a cultural elite that is out of touch with the views of the majority of Americans?

Yes	35%
No	30%
Don't know	34%

Would you like to be a member of the cultural elite?

Yes	19%
No	48%
Don't know	33%

If the presidential election were between Barbara Bush and Hillary Clinton, whom would you vote for?

Barbara	45%
Hillary	53%
Don't know	2%

Do you consider yourself...

Liberal	42%
Moderate	28%
Conservative	27%
Don't know	2%

Which candidate do you think would win competing on *Jeopardy!*

Bush	35%
Clinton	38%

Which candidate do you think is a bigger cheapskate?

Bush	38%
Clinton	26%

Which candidate looks better in jogging shorts?

Bush	21%
Clinton	45%



Who do you think was most likely to have cheated in college?

Quayle	55%
Clinton	27%
Gore	8%
Bush	5%

If asked to elect a recording star for president, whom would you choose?

Billy Joel	28%
Don Henley	13%
Madonna	8%
Bonnie Raitt	7%
Ice-T	5%

If the national anthem could be rewritten by a recording act, whom would you choose?

U2	26%
Bruce Springsteen	15%
Garth Brooks	14%
Public Enemy	5%
Nirvana	4%

If you could save only one speech from either the Democratic or the Republican convention on videotape, whose would you save?



Ronald Reagan's	22%
Mario Cuomo's	14%
Jesse Jackson's	11%
Pat Buchanan's	10%
Al Gore's	9%

If one of the following people offered to create a party-mix tape for you, whom would you choose to make your tape?

Bill Clinton	26%
Hillary Clinton	25%
Al Gore	12%
Tipper Gore	9%
Barbara Bush	5%
George Bush	4%

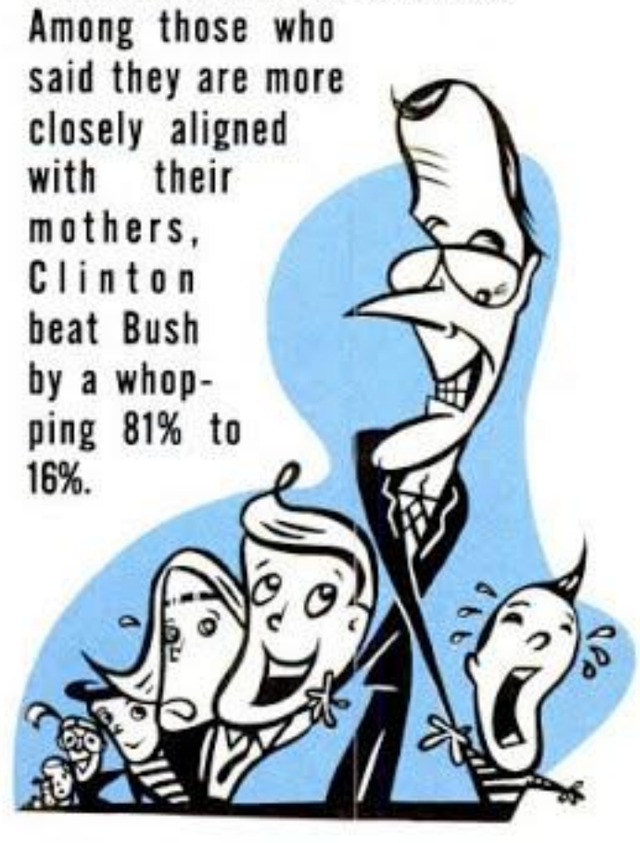
WHY GEORGE IS NEVER GONNA GET IT

Gender Gap A-Go-Go. According to the TDK/SPY "Get Serious" Poll, college women (*Don't call us coeds!*) are much angrier than men about conditions in America today. They are also much less trusting of government and much more adamant about the need for change. And—surprise!—they take it out on George Bush. While men give Bill Clinton only a slim lead over Bush, 47% to 43%, women back Clinton by a huge margin—65% to 27%.



And what if a woman were running for president? What if, for instance, the race were not between George and Bill, but Barbara and Hillary? Men give Barbara Bush a 6-point edge over Hillary Clinton, with a vote of 52% to 46%. Women, on the other hand, champion Hillary much more strongly, preferring her over Barbara 60% to 30%.

Where does this gender gap come from? Perhaps it is handed down. Among students who said their political opinions are similar to their fathers', Bush was favored over Clinton 54% to 37%. Among those who said they are more closely aligned with their mothers, Clinton beat Bush by a whopping 81% to 16%.



GET SERIOUS TDK®

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and mothers everywhere willing to learn from my experiences.

[Dahmer then discusses how he would structure the book.]

Jeff's Childhood
I would include details from this period in Jeff's life...at 4 when he had a double hernia and asked Joyce [Lionel's first wife, and Jeffrey's mother] if someone had to cut his genitals off; at 5 when he smashed all the windows out of an empty building; when he persuaded a young boy to stick his hand in a wasp nest, knowing the pain it would cause; the bizarre choking game he developed with his friends; the time he killed some tadpoles....

Jeff's Adolescence
In this section I...would detail the things I noticed about Jeff [then]: his extreme shyness, his self-inflicted injuries...his drinking...his visceral fascination with death, his vivid fantasies, and his plans to subdue a certain jogger, drag him into the woods, and lay next to him.

Jeff's Adulthood
...I would track the se- ▸

Naked City

November Datebook

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

1 Forty-eight hours before Election Day, the deadpan campaign documentary *Feed*, in which George Bush discusses Dana Carvey's George Bush imitation, opens in Houston, George Bush's ostensible hometown.

3–8 National Horse Show; Meadowlands Arena. Luciano Pavarotti serves as honorary chairman. Fortunately for horses, he will not compete.

8 The New York Open Center offers "Time: Scientific Fact or Cultural Fiction?," exploring "the fact that we have more choice in the construction of time than we [think]." The same evening, the 92nd Street Y offers an interview with *Saturday Night Live*'s Julia Sweeney as the androgynous Pat. Frozen in the grip of indecision, millions end up staying home to watch *I Witness Video*.



9 The Monument of the Unknown Government Employee is installed in Los Angeles City Hall. The 15-foot-high neoclassical structure enshrines a gleaming coffee urn. Artist John Marshall says he meant the work to be ironic but admits, "There are so many metaphorical things going on there, I even have a hard time remembering them."

16 The Magazine Publishers of America presents a seminar in New York City on "Budgetary Warfare": "How do you wrest enough money to pay for editorial...when circulation, advertising and production all clamor for the same precious dollars?" Here's a hint: Skip the seminar, and save $125.

17 Gordon Lightfoot, the Canadian Bob Dylan, turns 53.

18 Margaret Atwood, the Canadian Erica Jong, turns 53.

22 Totensonntag, the annual German Protestant day of remembrance. Confused American feminist intellectuals arrive in Berlin and are dismayed to find that the day is not a celebration of Nina Totenberg and Susan Sontag.



26 Thanksgiving. Macy's holds its first postbankruptcy parade. Watch for surprise introduction of Robert Maxwell and Ed Finkelstein balloons.

Illustrations by Phil Marden

Blurb-o-Mat

Capsule Reviews by Walter Monheit™, the Movie Publicist's Friend



MALCOLM X, directed by Spike Lee, starring Denzel Washington (Warner Bros.) ℘℘℘℘
Walter Monheit says, **"*X* marks Spike's spot on this year's Best Director list! See this Shabazz-tastic epic—by any means necessary!"**

JENNIFER EIGHT, starring Andy Garcia, John Malkovich, Uma Thurman (Paramount) ℘℘℘
Walter Monheit says, **"Bring on the sequel! *Eight* isn't enough for Andy, John and sexy *Ooof!*ma!"**

BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA, starring Winona Ryder, Gary Oldman, Anthony Hopkins (Columbia) ℘℘℘℘
Walter Monheit says, **"Burton, you're hurtin'! Keaton, you're beaten! The *original* Batman has returned! Oscar, you've got a friend in Transylvania!"**

What the monocles mean: ℘℘℘ *—excellent;*
℘℘℘℘ *—indisputably a classic*

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Extra Smooth Lights.

Rich Ultra Lights.

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Kent: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine; Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Kent III: 3 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

SPY Holiday Gift Guide

A *fruit cake?*		A *SPY gift subscription!*
	OR	
Makes you laugh		Makes you laugh
Indigestible		Fully digestible
Each fruit cake is completely indistinguishable from the next		Each issue of SPY is completely different from the next
Another fruit cake is often given in retaliation		A "thank you" is always given in return
The butt of a lot of jokes		The source of a lot of humor
Often passed on to others		Often shared with others
Can last all year long		Will last all year long

You decide.

Mail in the attached order cards,
or call us at our toll-free number and
we'll send a year of SPY to whomever
you choose at our low holiday rates.

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"I'm Going to Pump You *Full*!" Lost Your Job at the Post Office?

Like Guns? Get a Presidential Sports Award!

We recently received a brochure in the mail from the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports. To motivate Americans to be physically active, it said, the council was offering a Presidential Sports Award to anyone who followed a rigid athletic program for a substantial period of time (and sent $6). Enclosed was a list of Qualifying Standards detailing the required hours of workout or play for an award in a wide variety of activities, including Aerobic Dance, Badminton, Bicycling, Cross Training, Golf (of course), Horseshoe Pitching (of course), Racquetball, Rowing, Running, Snowshoeing and Pistol. "A strong vital America depends on physically fit Americans," it said. "Can we depend on you?"

The entry form and personal-fitness log in the brochure were too complicated, so we dispensed with those and simply sent the following letter with our check:

> Hello—
>
> I fired a pistol every day for the last twenty days, over one hundred rounds a day, at moving targets that were at least 50 yards away. Am I eligible for some sort of award?
>
> Thanks.

Apparently the answer was yes, because three weeks later we received the following:



a letter of congratulations, suitable for framing, from council president Arnold Schwarzenegger

a certificate of achievement from President Bush himself

a handsome embroidered blazer patch

a little plastic pocket that attaches to one of our shoes to hold our valuables while we're firing

a sports-bag ID tag

We hope there'll be another Bush administration so that we can try for another award to contribute to a strong vital America, maybe in Hop-Skip-Assassinate.

—*R. E. Neu*

ries of disappointments following Jeff's graduation, including, discovering that he had been selling his blood to buy liquor in college, and his discharge from the army due to alcoholism.

Through it all, there were the series of bewildering incidents; he never had enough money, yet he never seemed to do anything; the mannequin in his bedroom; the appearance of a gun; putrid smells in the basement; oily viscous liquid in the garage. For all of these I was given contrite, logical explanations and a promise not to do it again....

Then, his 10-month incarceration for molesting a 15-year-old. When I was called to the police station to bail him out, I learned about several other arrests for disturbing the peace and indecent exposure....Again, he was intensely ashamed and offered reasonable explanations.

Contrasting this, however, is what was really going on: hanging out at public baths, drugging his sexual partners; acute alcoholism; 16 innocent young men murdered; lobotomies; dismemberment; cannibalism.

In this section I'd also elaborate on what, for me, is the hardest thing to believe; I actually thought things were getting better just before Jeff's arrest on July 23, 1991.

Mr. Dahmer's book, tentatively titled My Son, *will be published by William Morrow.*

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Here, Again, at *The New Yorker*

Two Authors in Search of an Ending

In Bob's act, the most impressive and controversial stunt is the double shot, in which he draws his gun, cocks the hammer, aims, fires, cocks the hammer again, aims, and fires again—the two shots at two targets set a few feet apart. Bob explained the two-shot technique by doing it for us in slow motion, and then, after a pause, he did it full speed. We could neither see nor hear the second shot, and we said so.

"You know," Bob said, "I've had a lot of trouble with people who can't believe the double shot's for real, and I say 'Look, if you had heard two shots, you wouldn't have been impressed.'" —TALK OF THE TOWN, *The New Yorker*, February 29, 1988



Before you know it, it's time for the show stopper. You remind the audience that you're using a single-action Colt .45, which means that to shoot twice you have to cock the gun, pull the trigger, cock the gun and pull the trigger. And that's what you do, hitting two balloons and doing it so fast that it sounds like a single shot. You hold up the two spent cartridges that you've slid from their chambers and say, "Here's the proof. Now, I know you think you heard one shot. Well, if you had heard *two* shots you wouldn't have been impressed." —TALK OF THE TOWN, *The New Yorker*, August 10, 1992

—Tony Powell

It's a Wonderful Town!



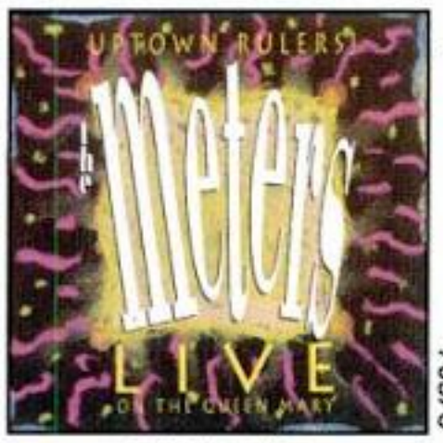
Man delivering 50-pound bags of birdseed to pornography shop in Times Square.

Photograph by Andrew Savulich

Illustration by Martin Mayo

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You probably won't be any worse a person in the deepest sense if you don't buy Rhino CDs. But on the real important shallow and superficial level, how could you look at yourself in the mirror in the morning?



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THE METERS:
UPTOWN RULERS: THE METERS LIVE ON THE QUEEN MARY
Recorded in 1975, the first-ever live project by the reigning monarchs of New Orleans, The Meters. Members of the band later formed The Neville Brothers.



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AL STEWART:
MODERN TIMES
Al Stewart's chart-breaking 1975 album, available for the first time on compact disc! Key tracks include "Carol," "Sirens Of Titan," "Apple Cider Re-Constitution," "Modern Times," and more.



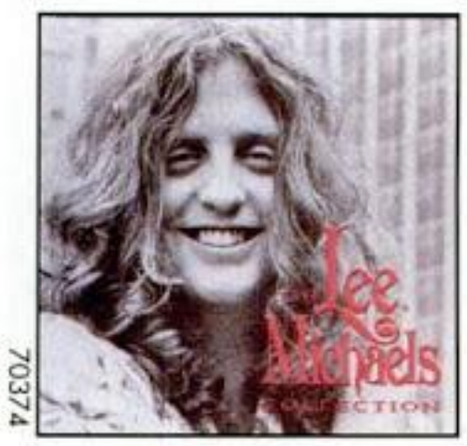
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AL STEWART:
PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE
One of Al Stewart's best albums! The popular folk-rock singer/writer's fifth album features "Roads To Moscow," "Nostradamus," and others.



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SUMMER OF LOVE
Two volumes packed with hit singles that were tuned into that groovy, idealistic Summer of Love hippie psychedelic vibe. Includes "Groovin'," "Windy," "A Whiter Shade of Pale," "Let's Live For Today," "I Had Too Much To Dream (Last Night)," and many more!



70374

LEE MICHAELS:
THE LEE MICHAELS COLLECTION
First collection of all the best singles and FM radio favorites. Includes "Do You Know What I Mean," "Can I Get A Witness," "Heighty Hi," and more.



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DUSTY SPRINGFIELD:
DUSTY IN MEMPHIS
Originally released in 1969, this is the CD debut of this hit-filled album. Contains "Son Of A Preacher Man," "The Windmills Of Your Mind," and more.



71036

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD:
A BRAND NEW ME
More blue-eyed soul from Dusty Springfield! Generous 19-track CD contains nine bonus cuts, featuring two previously unreleased tracks.



71055

FIREFALL:
GREATEST HITS
Firefall's first hits collection! Includes "You Are The Woman," "Just Remember I Love You," "Strange Way," "Cinderella," "Headed For A Fall," and many more! Features all 11 chart singles, plus a few choice LP tracks and a previously unreleased new recording, "Run Run Away."

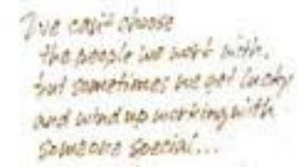
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When You Care Enough to Display Synthetic Emotion

Know a Battered Wife? Send Her a Card!









For America's $5.5 billion greeting-card industry, slow population growth portends bad news. Fewer people would mean fewer birthdays, fewer Mother's Days, fewer bar mitzvahs, fewer condolences on your loss—and lower sales. In response, Hallmark Cards has staked its future on a new market—"nonoccasion" greetings. In other words, cards for people with nothing special to say and no holiday on which they feel obliged to say it. The 520 cards in Hallmark's "Just How I Feel" nonoccasion line are divided into seven categories, according to what *feelings* you, the buyer, are trying to express. Here are some of the messages; we've taken the liberty of clarifying Hallmark's rather vaguely worded *feelings*—"I'm here for you," "I'm thinking about you," and so on—in order to make shopping even easier.

Feeling: *"Sorry Your Mom Has Alzheimer's...."*
Cover Art: Four peaches in a bowl on the edge of a table; a fifth peach, out of the bowl
Inscription: WHEN A PARENT COMES TO NEED YOUR CONSTANT CARE, IT TAKES A LOT OUT OF YOU IN EVERY WAY....

Feeling: *"For a Special Battered Woman..."*
Cover Art: Sunflowers growing in a fence row, alongside a plowed field
Inscription: WALKING AWAY FROM A BAD SITUATION IS ONE OF THE HARDEST THINGS YOU'LL EVER DO....BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN IT'S A MATTER OF SURVIVAL

Feeling: *"Sorry I Smacked You Around...."*
Cover Art: Rolling waves in solemn turquoise and aquamarine
Inscription: ANGER IS A POWERFUL THING. IT CAN START OUT SO SMALL, YET...IT CAN TAKE ON A LIFE OF ITS OWN.

Feeling: *"For the Abused Child in My Life..."*
Cover Art: Child's crayon drawing of tulips and a white picket fence
Inscription: I KNOW I HAVEN'T ALWAYS BEEN THE PERFECT MOM....

Feeling: *"You'd Make a Great Second Husband...."*
Cover Art: Crayon drawing of a man in a child's wagon
Inscription: I LOVE TO WATCH YOU WITH THE CHILDREN BECAUSE IT'S OBVIOUS YOU SHARE SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL....

Feeling: *"The Threat of a Sexual-Harassment Suit Has Led Me to This Unconventional Approach...."*
Cover Art: Two sharp pencils and a cup of coffee
Inscription: WE CAN'T CHOOSE THE PEOPLE WE WORK WITH, BUT SOMETIMES WE GET LUCKY AND WIND UP WORKING WITH SOMEONE SPECIAL...

Feeling: *"It Was Just a Fling, Honest...."*
Cover Art: Watercolor seashore scene
Inscription: I KNOW THAT NO WORDS CAN MAKE UP FOR WHAT I'VE PUT YOU THROUGH. BUT, OVER TIME, I HOPE I CAN PROVE TO YOU THAT YOU CAN TRUST ME AGAIN....

—Lamar Graham



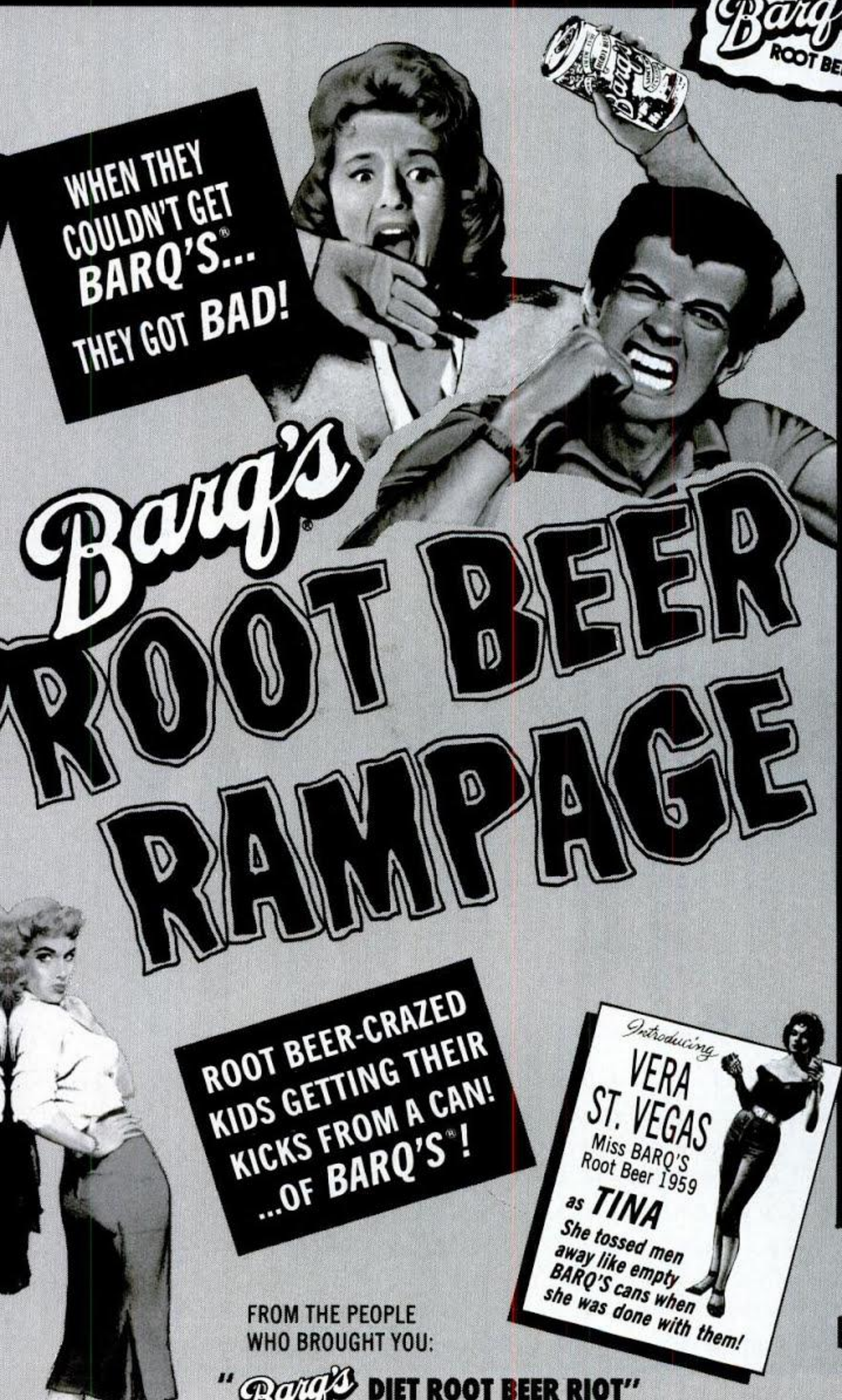
Ask Camille Paglia

An Exclusive New Service for Readers of SPY!

Having difficulties in your romantic life? Troubles with your parents? Spouse? Boss? Can't decide whether you're feminist or postfeminist? Good news—help is on the way! SPY is pleased to announce that Camille Paglia—the author of *Sexual Personae* and *Sex, Art, and American Culture*—has agreed to respond to your letters, and offer advice and guidance to those of you who want help. *This is for real.* We want letters from the actually lovelorn and/or confused; to those letters we publish, we promise Camille Paglia's actual responses in return. Send your letters to Ask Camille Paglia, SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. All letters become property of SPY.

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THE TWISTED TALE OF UNTAMED TEENS AND THEIR SAVAGE THIRST FOR "THE ONE WITH BITE"...



SEE!



SEE! Two lust-filled boys, fighting over the same... can of BARQ'S!



SEE! BARQ'S Root Beer consumed at 120 miles per hour!



SEE! The dizzying amount of root beer in a BARQ'S 2-liter bottle!

ROOT BEER-CRAZED KIDS GETTING THEIR KICKS FROM A CAN! ...OF BARQ'S®!

FROM THE PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT YOU:

"Barq's® DIET ROOT BEER RIOT"

They lived fast —and drank BARQ'S®!

EXPERIENCE BITE-O-RAMA™

EVERY TIME YOU DRINK A

BARQ'S ROOT BEER

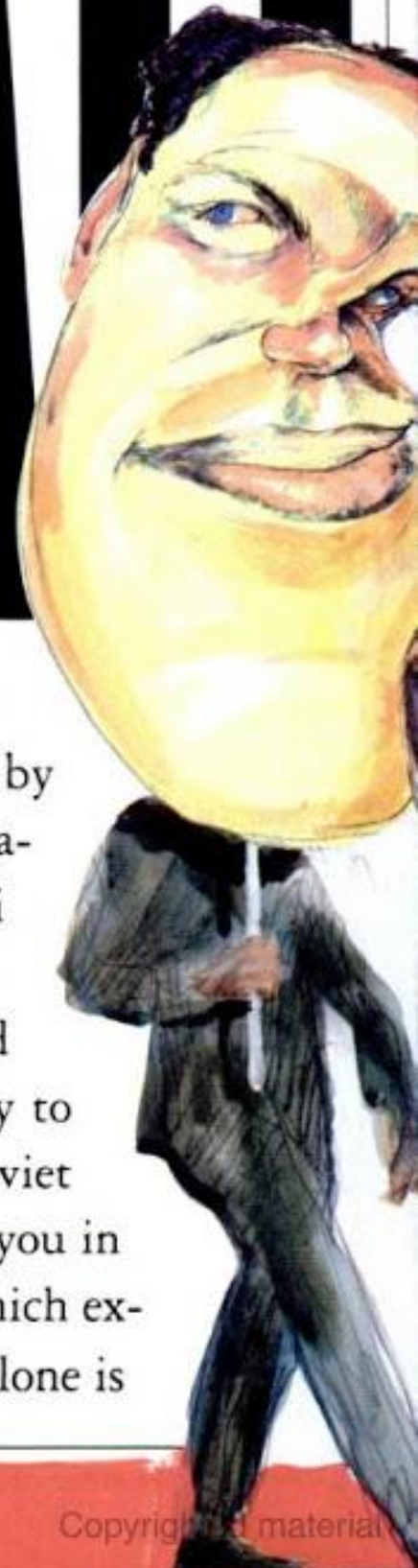
THE ONE WITH BITE.

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BIG SHOTS

A SPY PRANK

BUT YOU NEVER WANT



Economists tell us that the good things in life—

the scarce good things, not things like the laughter of children—are rationed in two ways, by money or by time. In America, most things are rationed by money. You want a gold-and-diamond Bijoux bracelet? Fine: If you've got $20,000 plus carfare, you can head over to Bulgari and buy one. And it wouldn't matter if you made your $20,000 as a big Hollywood muckety-muck, or through your humble efforts as a public-school teacher, or through your bravery and initiative as a crack dealer—if you've got the money, you've got the bracelet. ❖ The other way to ration desirable things is by time, which is the way they did things in what used to be the Soviet Union. You want a potato? Fine: Get in line. Toilet paper? Get in that longer line. A car? See you in a few years. Eventually, of course, this system proved less satisfactory than money rationing, which explains Boris Yeltsin. ❖ Of course, there are some things so scarce that neither money nor time alone is

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SWEETMAN

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sufficient to acquire them. We are talking, of course, about good tables in the most voguish restaurants during prime eating hours. Yes, you can try the money-squandering route, and attempt to bribe a maître d'; you may get seated, *but there is no guarantee.* And yes, you can try the time-rationing approach, and reserve a table months and months in advance—and you'll probably get one, but it'll be way in the back, and you'll hear silverware crashing and little foreign people yelling to one another during your meal. ❖ No, good tables at voguish restaurants during prime eating hours are rationed according to their own rule: *Big shots sit.* And they sit no matter how late they call to make a reservation, or how many people they propose to bring along. Because, as we've proved below, for real big shots, there is no rationing. We called some voguish restaurants on busy nights just before mealtime and, pretending to be an assistant to a famous and powerful person, tried to make reservations.

by Rod Lurie and Jill Pope

Restaurant: The Ivy
Customer: Macaulay Culkin

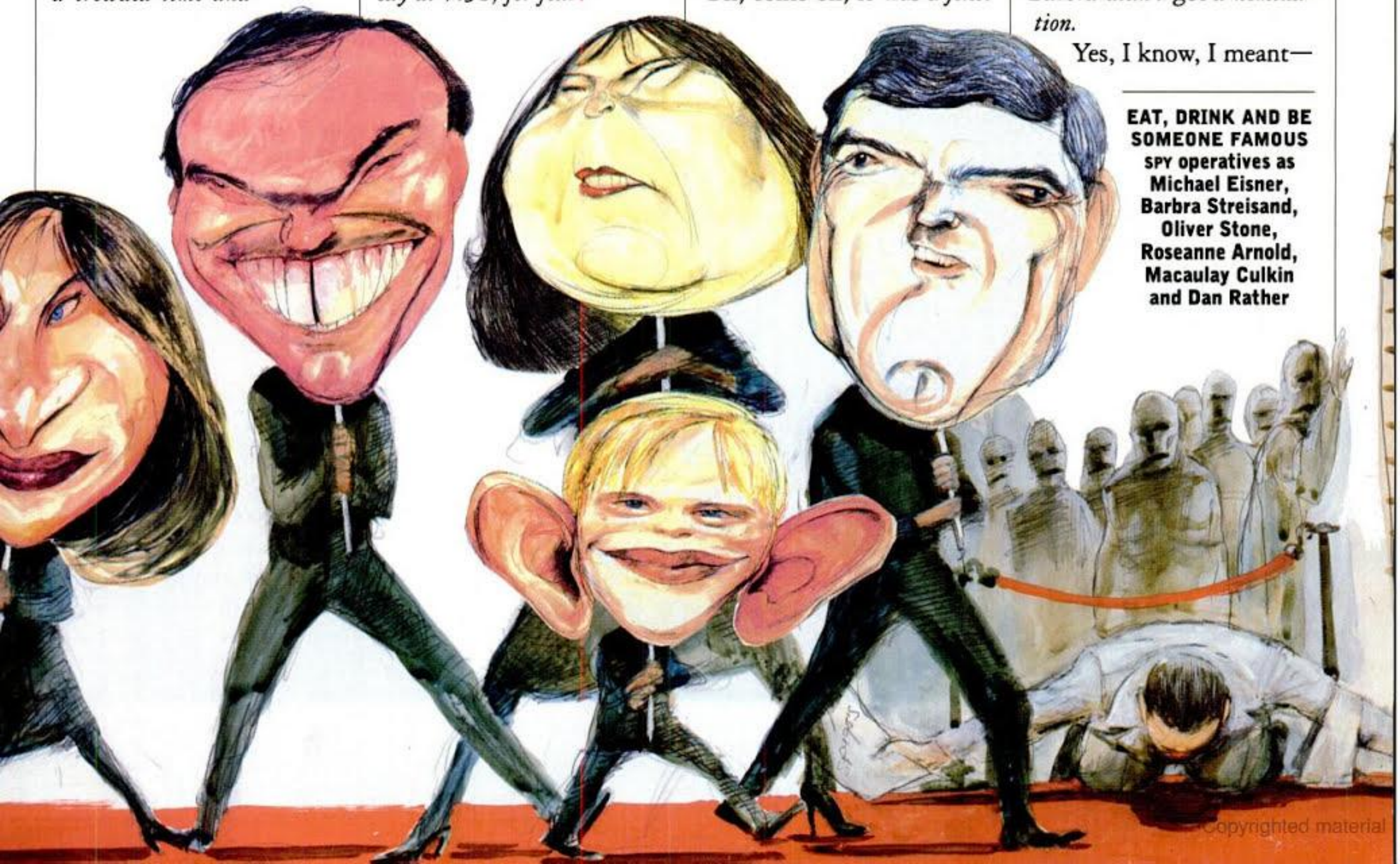
SPY: *Hi, I'm Pat Culkin, Macaulay's mom—*
THE IVY: Macaulay Culkin?
Oh yes. Mac and some—
You know, I loved *My Girl.*
So did we. Look out for the sequel. Now, Mac and his brothers and sisters and a couple of his little friends would like to come in for some cake and ice cream—
At what time?
Oh, say 7:30? I know that's a crowded time and this is awfully late notice—
Oh, don't worry about *that.* A table for how many?
It will be a party of ten.
Did you say *ten?*
Yes, is that a problem?
No. So...will you be needing a high chair?

Restaurant: Citrus
Customer: Oliver Stone

SPY: *Hi! This is Glen from Oliver Stone's office. I'd love to get the boss a table tonight, say at 7:30, for four?*
CITRUS: Okay, no problem. [*Pauses, then giggles nervously.*] So will he be bringing JFK with him?
{Unamused} *President Kennedy is* dead.
[*Still laughing*] I know, I know, I saw the movie!
What are you, some kind of comedian?
Well, no, I—
We take this film and its message very seriously. Perhaps we shouldn't dine with the likes of cynics like yourself.
Oh, come on, it was a *joke.*
We'd be *honored* to have Mr. Stone dine here....

Restaurant: Chaya
Customer: Barbra Streisand

SPY: *Hi! It's Jerry with Barbra Streisand's office. We'd just love a table for seven in half an hour.*
CHAYA: I think we can just make it happen. Oh, and congrats.
For what?
Well, the Oscar nomination.
Barbra didn't get *a nomination.*
Yes, I know, I meant—



EAT, DRINK AND BE SOMEONE FAMOUS
SPY operatives as Michael Eisner, Barbra Streisand, Oliver Stone, Roseanne Arnold, Macaulay Culkin and Dan Rather

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Are you trying to be funny?
No, no, I wouldn't be funny. It's just the *film* got nominated. That's what I meant when I said congrats—
So you don't think she *deserved a nomination?*
No, it doesn't mean that. I just—
We'll see you tonight....

Restaurant: **Mortons**
Customer: **Jeffrey Katzenberg**

SPY: *Hi! I'm Glen from Jeff Katzenberg's office. I'd like a table for the boss at 7:30.*
MORTONS: But sir, it's 6:30 now.
So?
Well, you're only giving us an hour. I'm afraid we're full—
Full? Do you know who we're talking about here? He's the chairman of Disney, for Christ's sake.
It doesn't matter. We're *full.*
I don't understand....How long have you lived in Los Angeles?
[*Long pause.*] I've lived here for a few months.
Hmmm. Perhaps you should check with the manager before rejecting Mr. Katzenberg. That's K-A-T—
Yes, yes, I get the idea. Hold on....[*Returns to phone two minutes later.*] Okay, 7:30 will be fine. Can I get a phone number?

Restaurant: **Mortons**
Customer: **Michael Eisner**

SPY: *Hi! This is Glen from Michael Eisner's office. I'd like to make a reservation for Mr. Eisner at 8:30, table for four.*
MORTONS: [*Checking the book to find that Michael Eisner already has a reservation*] But, but, Mr. Eisner already *has* a reservation, at 9:30, and—
And what? We just want it changed. Do you have any *idea who we're talking about here?*
The name sounds familiar....
He's the head of Disney.
No, sir. That would be Jeffrey Katzenberg. He's already made *his* reservation.
Look, you'd better check with your manager.
Okay. [*Puts us on hold. Returns a few minutes later.*] Fine, sir. Mr. Eisner's reservation is now made for 8:30.

Restaurant: **Citrus**
Customer: **Rob Reiner**

SPY: *Hi! This is Ted from Rob Reiner's office. We'd like to get a table for tonight for Rob and three guests at 7:30.*
CITRUS: Oh, sure. I'm a big fan. Is he doing anything interesting these days?
He's just directed a new movie called A Few Good Men.
Great. He's *directing* now, huh?

Restaurant: **Chasen's**
Customer: **Don Simpson**

SPY: *Hi! It's Glen from Don Simpson's office. I'd like to get a table for Mr. Simpson and three guests for tonight in about an hour. Can you make it happen?*
CHASEN'S: I'm quite sorry. It's a very busy night.
You know *who Mr. Simpson is, don't you?* Top Gun, Flashdance, Days of Thunder?
He *directed* all of those?
{Wearily} *No, he* produced *them. Now, can we get a table?*
Oh, I guess we can give him a table for four, but we'll be crowded, so it may not be a real *good* table....

Restaurant: **Citrus**
Customers: **Tom and Roseanne Arnold**

SPY: *Hi! This is Kathy from Tom Arnold's office, we'd like a table for two for 7:30 this evening.*
CITRUS: Are you aware that we have a guest chef tonight, and that—
Yes, I know. That's why we're calling. Do you have room for Tom?
What did you say the last name was?
Well, this is Roseanne Arnold's office also. You do *know Roseanne, don't you?*
You mean Roseanne *Barr?*
She changed her name.
Oh, right...and her religion, right?
No, Tom converted.
But I have the right person?
Yes. Can we get a reservation for them tonight?
At what time?
Nine o'clock.
Okay. Can they get here a little earlier?
Excuse me? Do you know *that* Roseanne *is the No.1 show on television?*
Look, I didn't mean to insult you. It would just be easier—
Are you insinuating that we're not high-class enough for your restaurant?
Nine would be *fine.*

Restaurant: **Chaya**
Customer: **David Geffen**

SPY: *Hi! How ya doing?*
CHAYA: Fine. May I help you?
You sure can. I'm trying to get a table for David Geffen in an hour.
Certainly, he's a very sweet man.
Sweet man? What kind of crack is that?
It wasn't a crack of *any* kind—
Are you making fun of Mr. Geffen's sexuality?
Certainly *not.*
You know, homophobia repulses David.
Oh, for goodness' sake, I didn't mean anything by it. What time would you like the table...

In Los Angeles, clearly, maître d's will do cartwheels to please any movie-industry big shot. In New York, however, maître d's will do their best to please, but they still have their limits.

We called **Le Cirque** at 7:00 p.m. as our ordinary selves and asked for a reservation for four at 8:00. We were told no. A minute later, we called back as **Tina Brown**'s assistant. We got a table immediately. The next day, at noon, we called **The Four Seasons** and asked for a table in the Grill Room at 1:30. We were denied. We immediately called back as **Alfonse D'Amato**'s assistant and asked for the same accommodation. We got the seats. We then called the extremely hot fashion-model-and-record-executive-clogged bistro Cafe Tabac.

SPY: *Good evening. Is it possible I could get a table for two for 8:15 tonight? My name is Steve Kramer.*
CAFE TABAC: Sir, we don't take reservations for two, but come in and we'll seat you on a first-come-first-served basis.

We immediately called back as **Lorne Michaels**'s assistant.

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Hi, this is Linda in Lorne Michaels's office. Would it be possible for him to get a table for two at 8:00 tonight?
For whom?
Lorne Michaels.
From *Saturday Night Live?*
Yes.
Okay, we'll see Mr. Michaels for two at 8:00.

Steve Kramer then called back.

Listen, I called you, and you said {no}, then I had my wife call saying she was from Lorne Michaels's office, and you said okay.
Well, Mr. Michaels *would* get a table—exactly.
He would get a table, but Steve Kramer wouldn't?
Well, I don't know who Steve Kramer is. I *know* who Mr. Michaels is....
You have to [understand]—it's our policy.
I understand—I'm a nobody.
Oh, no, you're not.

But then celebrity power fell into a slump. We called **Coco Pazzo** at 7:30 as our ordinary selves, asked for a table for two at 8:30 and were told that 9:45 would be the earliest. We then called back as the assistant to **Pat Riley**, the coach of the Knicks; Riley, like us nobodies, could get a table no earlier than 9:45.

We called Le Cirque at 7:30 asking for a table at 8:30. We were told it was impossible. So we called back as **Dan Rather**'s assistant.

SPY: *Hi, this is Linda in Dan Rather's office.*
LE CIRQUE: Yes!
We were wondering if Dan could get a table for 8:30 for a party of four?
I'm trying to see what I can do, because at the moment we have quite a big crowd at the line.
He'd really like a table tonight.

We are put on hold.

Yes, hello. This is Benito. I'm very sorry, before 9:15 to 9:30 is impossible. Afterwards, yes, with a great pleasure.

So we called back and identified ourselves as Dan Rather.

Is Benito there?
Hello, may I help you?
Benito! This is Dan Rather!
Yes, Mr. Rather!
Is it absolutely impossible?
Mr. Rather, if you want to come in and have a drink at the bar, I will do the impossible.
Because—could I tell ya who I'm with?
With whom?
It's Mr. Cronkite.
Mr. Cronkite?
It's a very rare thing.
Come in around nine o'clock, Mr. Rather, and we'll have a bottle of champagne waiting, and we'll do the best we can.
Bless you.

We called Benito the next evening.

Hi, this is Linda in Dan Rather's office. Mr. Rather feels terrible about not being able to come by last night.
I feel terrible, because I couldn't accommodate him—
Oh, no, you did everything you could. He was just about to leave the office, and suddenly the Serbs began shelling again.
[*Sadly*] Yes.
And he felt terrible after he had spoken to you.
No, no problem. As a matter of fact, I sent him a note today, actually.
Oh, you're so sweet.
Is he coming tonight?
I don't know. Would you have a table this evening?
I'll *build* one tonight, I can't say no twice.

We called Coco Pazzo at 7:30 as **Henry Kravis**'s assistant for a reservation within the hour.

SPY: *Hi, it's Helen in Henry Kravis's office. Could we get a table for him at 8:30 tonight, for four?*
COCO PAZZO: I have a 9:30.
Um, do you know who he is?
No, I don't. The name again, please?
It's Henry Kravis.
Okay, could you hold just a minute?

A superior gets on the line.

We have something for four at 9:30, or we can do four at 8:30 in the bar area.
I'm just wondering if maybe you could make an exception for Mr. Kravis.
I wish I could—I just don't have a physical table available.
I'm wondering, I'm just not sure if you know who Mr. Kravis is.
Name sounds familiar, but...um—
He owns RJR Nabisco, and—
I just don't have a physical table available, ma'am.

So we called back as Henry Kravis.

This is Mr. Henry Kravis. I just had my secretary call, and—
I just spoke with her.
I'm not mad or upset or anything, but—do you know who I am?
Well, she explained, sir, but—
This hasn't happened to me since I was a kid.
Oh, I see—well, you're a lucky, lucky man.

(The assistance of the British magazine *Empire* is gratefully acknowledged.)

"Come in around nine o'clock, Mr. Rather," the maître d' told us. "We'll have a bottle of champagne waiting—we'll do the best we can."



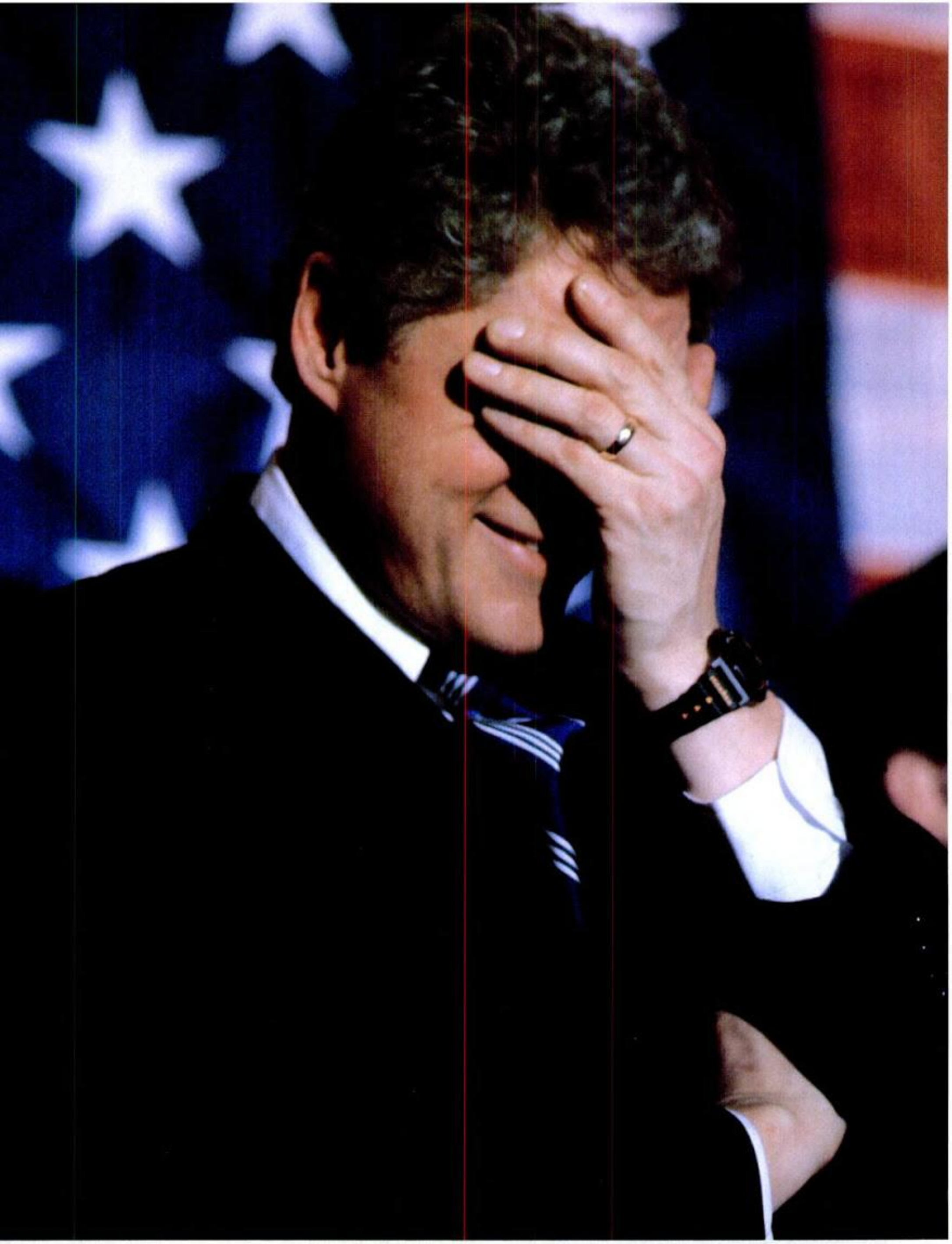
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The OFFICIAL SPY

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Souvenir PROGRAM *of*

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CAMPAIGN 1992

Finally, HELP *for the* HOPELESSLY *Undecided*

THE SPY VOTE-O-MATIC

Whether you're confused, ambivalent or just haven't been paying attention, this scientific-looking flow chart will guide you toward the voting choice that makes the most sense for you. Simply read each political statement and then follow your heart or head—and the arrows—sideways and/or down until you reach a decision at the bottom. Don't worry if you find yourself shifting from left to right and back again on the issues. It happens to the best people—presidents, even.

START HERE

Life is good.

NO

YES → STOP. This test is for U.S. citizens only.

KOOK	PROGRESSIVE	CONCERNED	MODERATE	RIGHT-THINKING	PATRIOT	NUT
We also need to change our death-eating diet, our phallocentric language and our history books, where appropriate.	To effect real change, we must not only change our elected officials, we must change the system, and indeed, we must change what is in ourselves.	George Bush says he can change, but he wants to change in the wrong direction. he doesn't really *want* to change.	We need a change of leadership. in emphasis. of some kind.	If we just give Bush the tools he needs—a popular mandate, a compliant Congress and plenty of rest—he can change.	George Bush doesn't need to change; he just needs to start following instructions.	The Change is coming, whether the Zionist Occupation Government likes it or not.
BUT	BUT			NO, BUT	NO, BUT	
AND, LIKE,	YES, AND			YES, AND	FOR EXAMPLE,	THAT'S RIGHT, AND
We must let go of the illusion of private property if our market is to be *truly* free, like, to each according to her needs, from each according to her thing.	The government should provide jobs for anyone who wants one, jobs that respect her dignity as an individual and offer comprehensive health care, flextime, and ergonomic and scent-free workstations.	We need to invest billions of dollars in infrastructure, worker education and training, and research into alternatives to the internal combustion engine.	To get the economy moving again, we need more investment. less whining. fewer taxes.	We can revitalize the economy by returning to the American work ethic: working hard, but not so hard that it puts someone else out of work, like certain foreigners do.	We ought to dismantle a welfare system that discourages working, and a Medicaid system that encourages malingering.	Let's repeal the 13th Amendment and make indentured servitude a matter of personal choice, thus creating a new class of "iron-collar" jobs.
FURTHERMORE,	FURTHERMORE, NO, BUT	CONSEQUENTLY,	NO	FURTHERMORE, NO	FURTHERMORE,	
AND, LIKE,	CONSEQUENTLY,			CONSEQUENTLY,	CONSEQUENTLY,	BARN TOOTIN'
We'll have to accept a standard of living more in keeping with our global brethren and sistren.	Everyone will have to pay a little more in taxes, but we'll all feel much better about ourselves.	We'll need to take a more equitable share from the rich and invest it in the poor.	We can grow out of the deficit.	Americans should always buy American, even if it costs a little more and works a little worse.	We will have to eliminate millions of do-nothing civil-service jobs.	We can reduce our tax burden by eliminating the federal government entirely.
OR ELSE	AND THEN NO, BUT	NO	NO	YES, AND NO	AND	
LIKE, AND,	ALSO,	LIKEWISE,	YES	YES, BUT	AND YET	SURE AS SHIT
Don't forget: Any New World Order that doesn't include the "world" is simple fascism.	We have an obligation to share our technology with developing countries, while also bribing them not to use it.	We ought to help poor emerging democracies any way we can, for example by decorating our houses with their beautiful handmade crafts.	Our role in the New World Order should be to reach out. to remain vigilant. to butt out.	With the Cold War won, there's no reason to keep propping up potential foreign competitors with our charity.	We need to keep our military bases (particularly the one in my area) open in case some foreign bully decides to mess with us again.	The military is a threat to our internal security and should be dismantled and replaced with private militias.
BUT	AND NO	NO	IN FACT,	HOWEVER YES, BUT	NO	
AND, LIKE,	SIMILARLY,	BUT FIRST,		ADDITIONALLY,	YES, AND	HOO-DOGGY

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eliminate crime by making drugs legal, inexpensive and quality-controlled.

BUT, LIKE, REALLY

billions to revitalize our urban areas, starting with the inner cities and theater districts.

YES, AND

NOT MY BILLIONS

own city streets safer by attacking crime at its roots: low self-esteem and a poverty of hugs.

NOT A CHANCE

a plague.
just a symptom.
something that happens in cities.

NO

less coddling of criminals and fewer restrictions on how many we can put in a cell.

ALTHOUGH

NO, BUT

overcrowded if all the people on death row were dead.

MOREOVER,

so crowded if justice were administered swiftly, surely, on a house-by-house basis.

LIKE, AND,

IN ADDITION,

HOWEVER,

MOREOVER,

YES, AND

YOU BETCHA

Brown, red, yellow and pink peoples should all come together and make beautiful amber babies.

BETTER YET,

We can reduce racial tension by giving African Americans whatever they want, because God knows after what whites did to them, they deserve it.

BETTER YET,

NO, RATHER

African Americans should be encouraged to channel their anger into more constructive pursuits, such as locally operated, low-fat-frozen-yogurt shops.

NO, ACTUALLY

Racial tension is
a powder keg.
a law-enforcement problem.
not really a problem where I live.

NOT REALLY

Blacks and other minorities wouldn't be so pushy if they hadn't been conditioned by liberals to expect too much from the government.

YES, AND

NO, BUT

People who break the law should expect to be beaten with sticks, be they black, Hispanic, Puerto Rican, Mexican, whatever.

AS A MATTER OF FACT,

Racial tension wouldn't be a problem if the races didn't have to keep rubbing up against each other.

LIKE, BECAUSE

TRUE

LIKEWISE,

WHAT'S MORE,

AND ANOTHER THING,

DAMN STRAIGHT

In a sense, we are all members of the organic family, and should treat all our carbon-based cousins accordingly.

YES, BUT

Both "family" and "values" are outmoded concepts that foster co-dependency and judging behavior.

YES, THOUGH

NO, RATHER

We need to support all kinds of families, except maybe gay ones with adopted children.

NO, BECAUSE

Family values are
under attack.
a smoke screen.
good.

YES AND NO

TV shows that mock family values deserve to be criticized by high-level administration officials, and replaced by true-crime shows.

FURTHER-MORE,

NO, BUT

Certain women—with their feminist, infanticidal, occultist, lesbian tendencies—pose the greatest threat to the family today.

INDEED,

Instilling strong family values would be much easier without the constant intervention of child-welfare agencies.

LIKE, BUT

THEREFORE,

NOT ONLY THAT,

ALONG THE SAME LINE,

THEREFORE,

A-YEP

Abortion is a rite of passage to womanhood and should be available on demand, at the school nurse's office.

YES, AND IN FACT,

Abortion is a private act involving at least one consenting adult and, as such, should be publicly funded and encouraged.

NO, RATHER

NO, BUT

Abortion should remain available to anyone who can afford it and can get somebody's permission.

NO, SINCE

Abortion is not the ideal solution to the problem of unwanted pregnancy.
Therefore,
Nevertheless,
Unfortunately,

NO, EVEN THOUGH

Abortion should be legal only in cases of rape, incest or an unwanted pregnancy in my immediate family.

ALTHOUGH, REALLY,

BUT, REALISTICALLY,

Just because a woman entices her father, uncle or some stranger into raping her, the unborn child shouldn't have to suffer.

ALTHOUGH, IN TRUTH,

Legalized abortion is a plot to reduce white births; consequently, abortion should be available only through Medicaid.

AND, LIKE, HOW ABOUT

BECAUSE

BECAUSE

AFTER ALL,

AFTER ALL,

UH-HUH UH-HUH

Bovine Americans, Redwood Americans, Algae Americans—sure, it sounds funny, but then so did "Ms."

AND SOMEDAY

All Americans should have every right they choose to have, except the right to make certain potentially hurtful statements.

NO, RATHER

NO, BUT

All Americans have certain inalienable rights, provided they don't abuse them.

YES AND NO

The government should be more responsive to
the rights of individuals.
the rights of the people.
me.

NO, ACTUALLY

Parents have the right to teach their kids whatever traditional values they wish, without contradiction from TV, books or newspapers.

NOT ONLY THAT,

NO, BUT

Christian Americans have the right to live in a Christian, sin-free America.

NOT ONLY THAT,

True Americans have the right to an un-American-free America.

AND, LIKE, SO

AND SO, NATURALLY,

AND SO, THEREFORE,

AND SO, OBVIOUSLY,

AND SO, CLEARLY,

YEH YEH

We should all quit our jobs and work for a better world at the grass-roots level.

BEST OF ALL,

We need a genuine radical visionary—someone like me—in the White House.

YES

NO, BUT

The American people have a right to not be lied to by their president.

NO

We need a president
we can believe.
we can trust.
...I guess.

NO

If a man cannot be trusted by his wife, he cannot be trusted by his country.

YES

NO, BUT

We need a dedicated Christian soldier in the White House.

BEST OF ALL,

We need an avenging angel in the White House, and I have that angel's fax number.

COOL

YES

MAYBE

MAYBE

YES

OH YES

Volunteer to work a booth at the next Lollapalooza tour.

Vote Bush and hope for total economic and social collapse during the next four years.

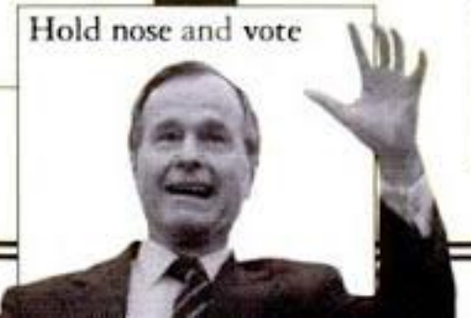
Close eyes and vote



Flip
Heads
Tails



Hold nose and vote



Vote Bush, then kneel with whole family and pray that he joins God in 1993.

Do not register to vote. Stock up on canned goods and move to Utah.

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At an inaugural ball in Washington, the Quayles demonstrate pro-family kissing technique, with Marilyn attempting girlish heel flip. *Inset below*, accused feminists Tipper Gore and Hillary Clinton demonstrate anti-family female bonding.

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Above, Clinton comes on to woman, in this case his wife, in a New Hampshire elevator. *Below*, at a Capitol Hill photo op, Barbara Bush flirts coquettishly with Uncle Miltie while the president smooches up a babe, not his wife.

CAMPAIGN 1992

The POETRY *of H. Ross* PEROT

Everyone now knows that Ross Perot is a tiresome, runty billionaire quitter. But who knew he was so creative? Put the man in front of a journalist, and he just seems to *spout* poetry. —*Steve Messina*

ALLIANCE AIRPORT

We
own
this land.

I don't spend
any time
on this land.

This
is a tiny
little piece

of my
business
interests.

It's like
a grain
of sand.

(recited on ABC's *Town Meeting*, June 29, 1992)

WHITE CHARGER

I threw newspapers to
whorehouses.
I knew all the women.

I threw them the paper
and they
paid me on time. I threw
papers to

flophouses
to some of the

poorest people in the
world. They tried to

hold me up every
Sunday. I was on

horseback, so they
never ever got close.

(printed in *The New York Times Magazine*, June 28, 1992)

I GOT YOU, BABE

They will be living in a
tiny world
and they will compete
and live by their brains
and wits
and somebody will win
and somebody will
 lose....
But this is not as
interesting
as
what Cher is going to
wear
at the next
party,
is it?

(printed in *The Village Voice*, July 7, 1992)

UNTITLED

I love
the ordinary

people.
I was

one of
them.

Still
am.

(printed in *The Dallas Morning News*, May 3, 1992)

TO LINDA

So now
that you have—

you know, whoever

you're trying
to do

a favor
for

—you've done it—

and I'm sure
you had

a smirk
on your mouth

as you got me
into this.

(composed for Linda Wertheimer on National Public Radio)

Jimmy CARTER *vs. Bill* CLINTON: *Coincidence—or* GRIM SPECTER?

❖ *Both surnames start with the letter C, and both have 11 letters in name*

❖ *Both have fiercely independent spouses they consider valuable advisers*

❖ *Both had/have feisty, independent mothers they consider valuable props*

❖ *Both were Democratic governors from infamously racist southern states known for backwater squeal-like-a-pig antics*

❖ *Both had/have colorful, chemically dependent brothers*

❖ *Both had/have adolescent daughters going through an awkward stage*

❖ *Both ran against dithering career bureaucrats who had been handed the presidency*

❖ *Both lusted in their hearts and/or elsewhere*

The STRIDENT FEMINIST *Who* ROCKS *the* CRADLE

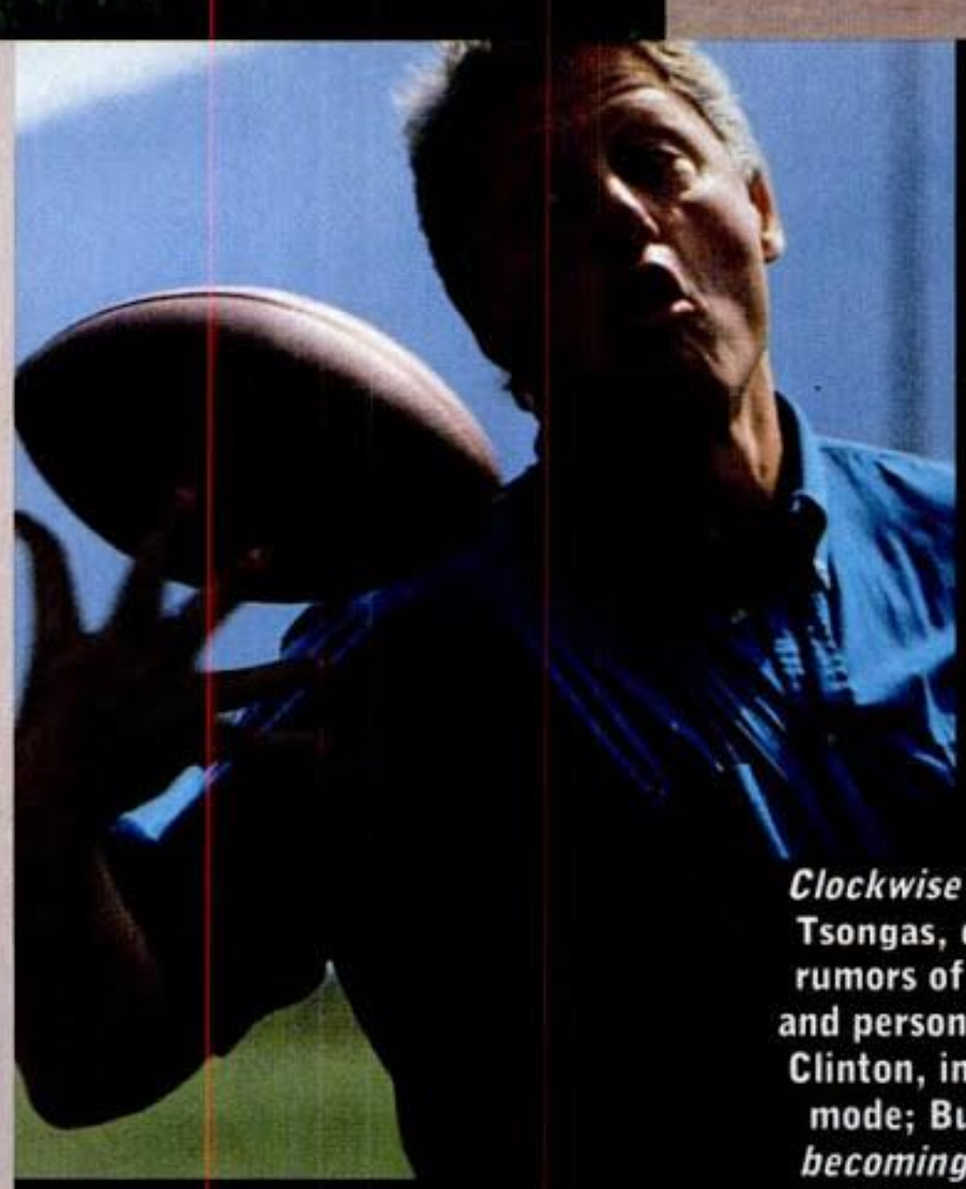
Was Hillary Clinton the role model for Rebecca De Mornay's portrayal of the home-wrecking nanny in *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle?* It's up to the voters to decide. —*Chris Kelly*

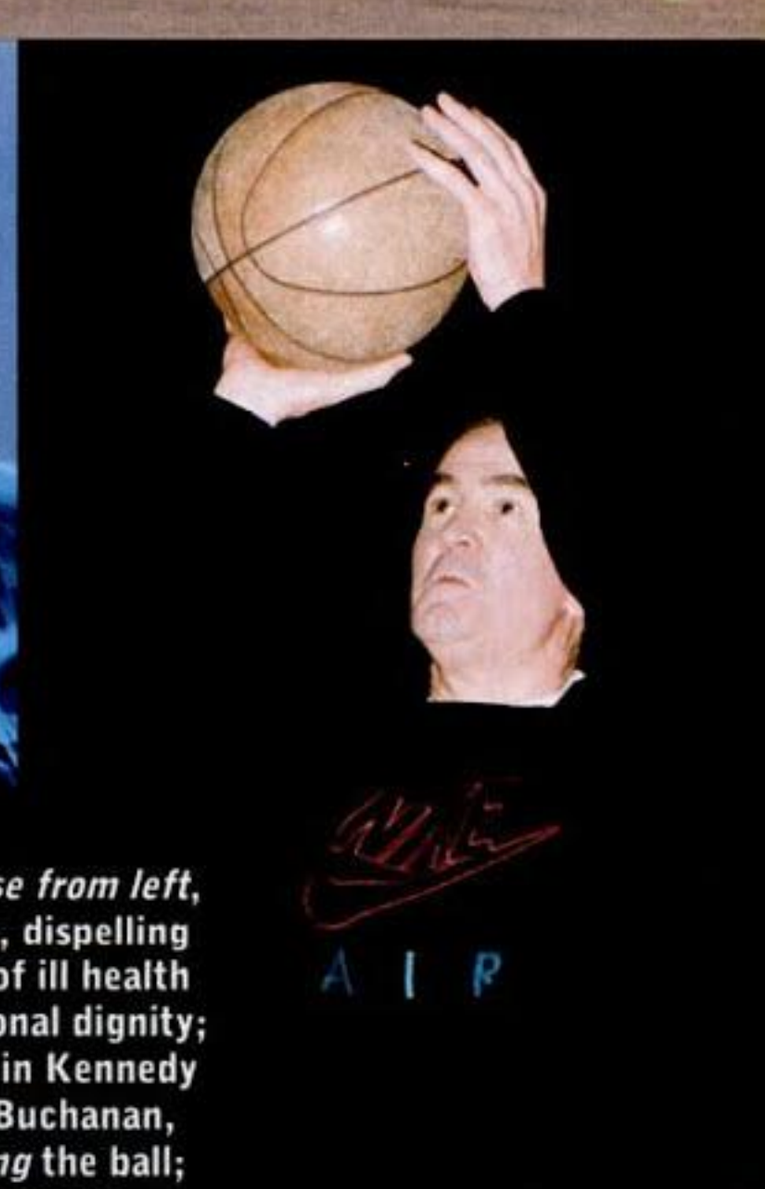
PEYTON FLANDERS	HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
Brittle and sinister careerwoman disguised as homemaker.	Brittle and sinister careerwoman disguised as homemaker.
Accusations of sexual misconduct against philandering husband sensationalized by media.	Accusations of sexual misconduct against philandering husband sensationalized by media.
Name change facilitates scheme to infiltrate family.	Name change facilitates scheme to infiltrate corridors of power.
Seeks to destroy family from within.	Seeks to destroy family from without.
"Famous" chocolate soufflé.	"Famous" chocolate-chip cookies.
Creepy and questionable medical practices by spouse.	Creepy and questionable medical practices by mother-in-law.
Presumed behind-the-scenes involvement in having mentally defective black man accused of foul crime.	Presumed behind-the-scenes involvement in having mentally defective black man executed.
Physically attacks schoolyard bully.	Former chair, Children's Defense Fund.
Willing to use sex as a weapon.	Attended Wellesley College.
Impaled on white picket fence.	Skewered over family values.

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Bush limbers up (*left*) for his daily *Über*walk (*right*).







Clockwise from left, Tsongas, dispelling rumors of ill health and personal dignity; Clinton, in Kennedy mode; Buchanan, *becoming* the ball; Gore, prone.

Top, realization that Dan Quayle is flesh-and-blood presidential backup and not Democratic agitprop concoction provokes pandemonium in Dallas. *Bottom*, in New Hampshire, real-life outdoorsman snickers at freshly flanneled Al Gore, Harvard '69.

The compleat baby-boom politician (*right*), simultaneously in pursuit of endorphins and votes, with baby and doglike creature on New York City street in July.

CAMPAIGN 1992

The CAMERA *Blinked*

THE GREAT MISSED PHOTO OPS OF THE YEAR

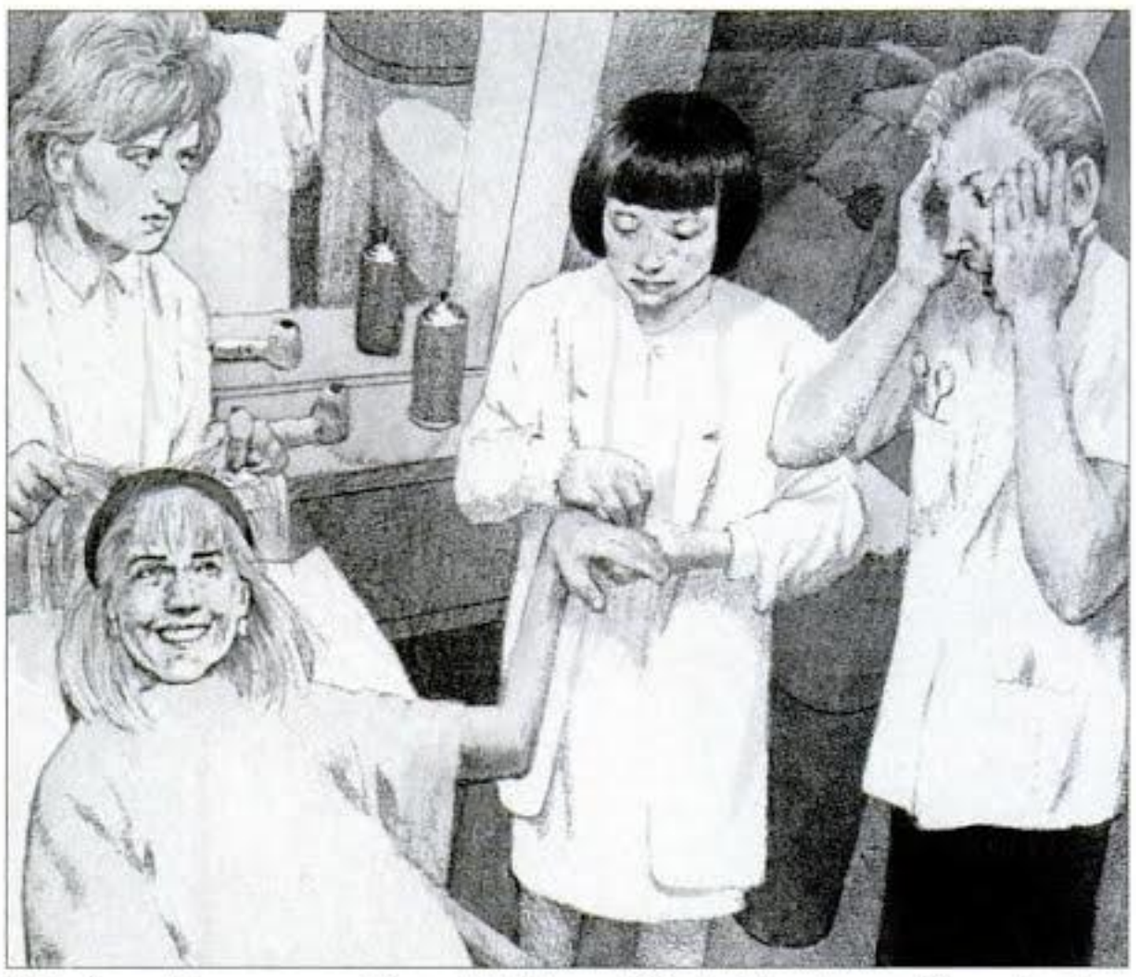
Modern presidential campaigns may have devolved into a series of purely theatrical photo opportunities—and thank goodness for that—but, unfortunately, some of this political season's most salient moments have gone visually undocumented. DAVID CHELSEA fills the image void for some actual 1992 campaign events that might otherwise have been provided to the citizenry only in dry, newspaper-prose form.



"If you're going to give him a hard time, do it in your home, not in mine."—Barbara Bush to Marilyn Quayle after Quayle insulted Bush-son-in-law-to-be Bobby Koch for being a Democrat, as quoted in *The Washington Post*, May 13



"Mr. Fitzwater said Mr. Baker and Mr. Bush discussed [Baker's taking over the campaign] during their July fishing vacation at Mr. Baker's Wyoming ranch."—*The Washington Times*, August 14



"Before the convention, [Hillary Clinton] got a chic, shorter haircut...."—*The New York Times*, July 13



"I like her a whole lot better than I like her politics."—James Carville, Clinton's campaign adviser, on putting his relationship with Mary Matalin, political director of Bush's reelection campaign, on hold until after the election, as quoted in the *Chicago Tribune*, March 15

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Left to right, Hillary, laughing; Ross, guffawing; Paul, highly amused.

Left to right, motley Democratic losers shamelessly court youth vote with an eye to 2004.

Left to right, Bill, Marilyn and George, looking pleasantly undistinguished with their tongues sticking out.

Left to right, George, with big gun; Dan, holding a gun backward; and Pat, training for the religious war.

CAMPAIGN 1992

SEPARATED *at* BIRTH?



Barbara Bush and...



Jennifer Fitzgerald?



Susan Baker and...



Margaret Tutwiler?

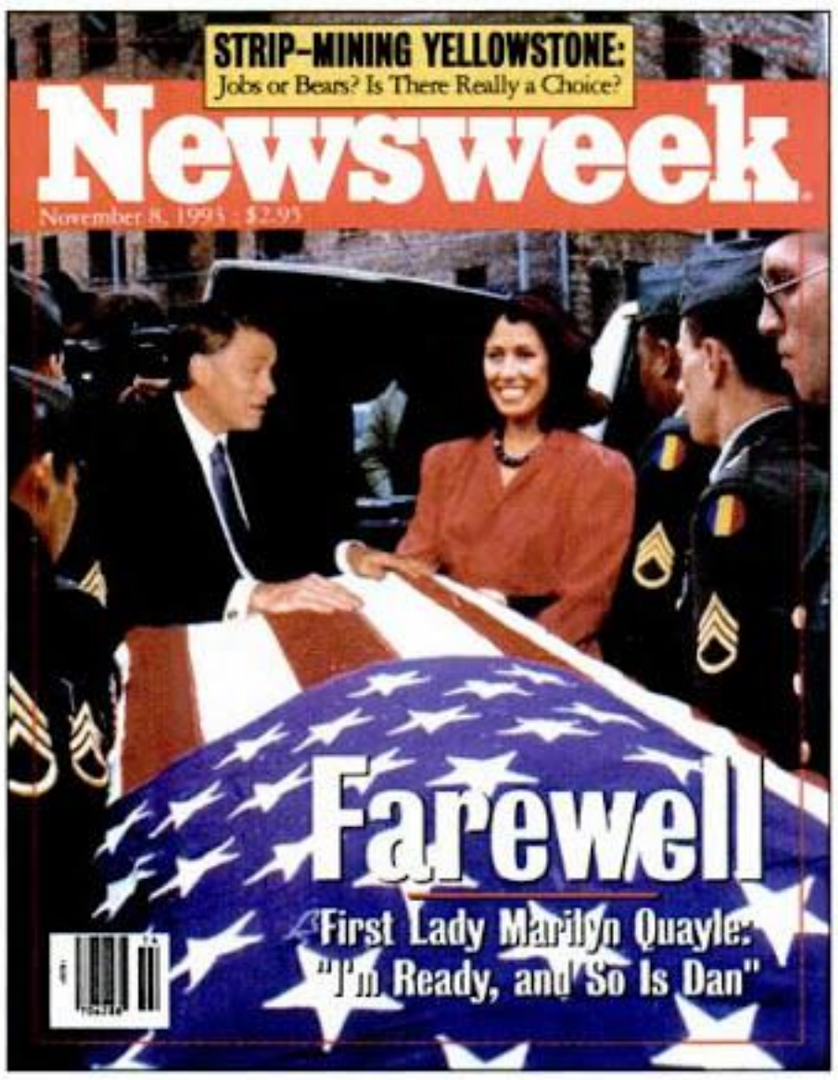


Hillary Clinton and...



Gennifer Flowers?

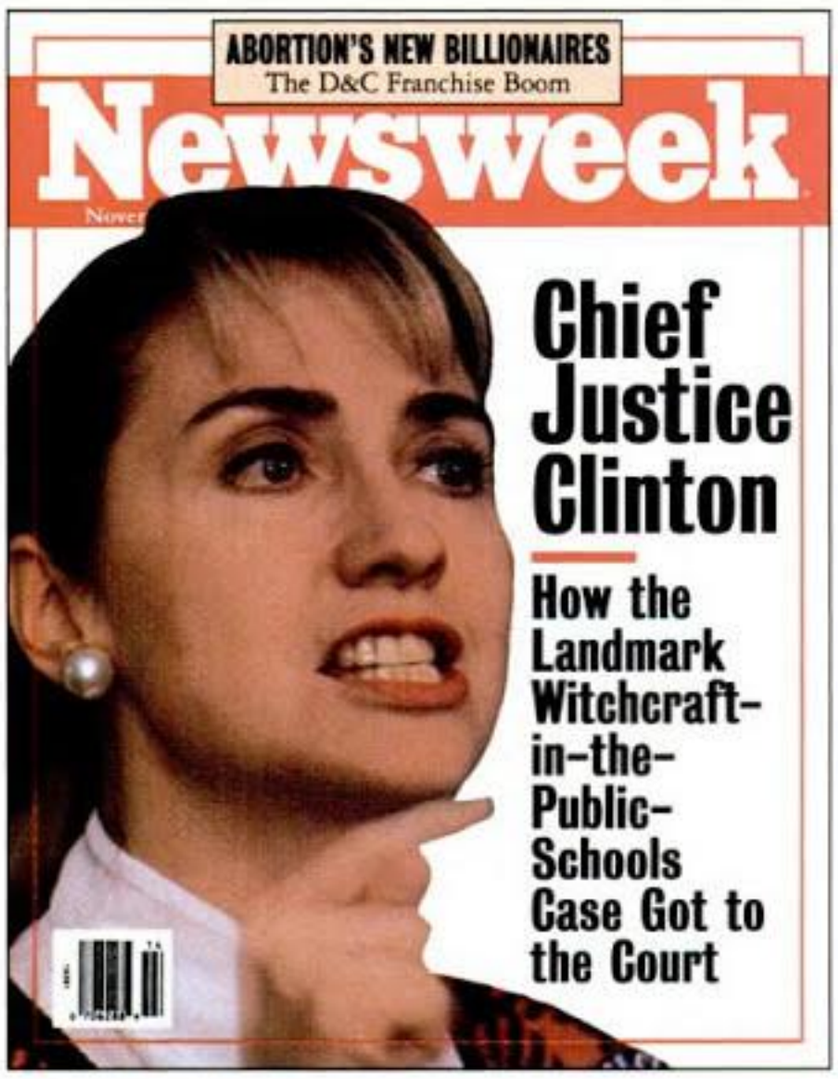
We Have NOTHING *to* FEAR *but...*



...A BUSH REELECTION

If, as expected, George Bush starts a war with an easy-to-beat dark-skinned foreigner and thus ekes out a narrow victory in the electoral college, the Democrats would have you believe that things will go from bad to worst-case scenarios.





...A CLINTON VICTORY

If, as expected, Bush dithers impotently and Bill Clinton wins a landslide victory in the lowest voter turnout in history, the Republicans would have you believe that Jane Fonda will be sleeping in the Lincoln Bedroom and much, much worse.



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FIRST LADY—OR VOODOO PRIESTESS? Shamanistically guarding her man (*above*); healing a short Democrat (*right*); cackling in an unguarded moment (*below*); and sniffing herbs with Canadian first lady.

Right, George Bush, in turn, proudly shows off his voodoo figurine of the little woman.

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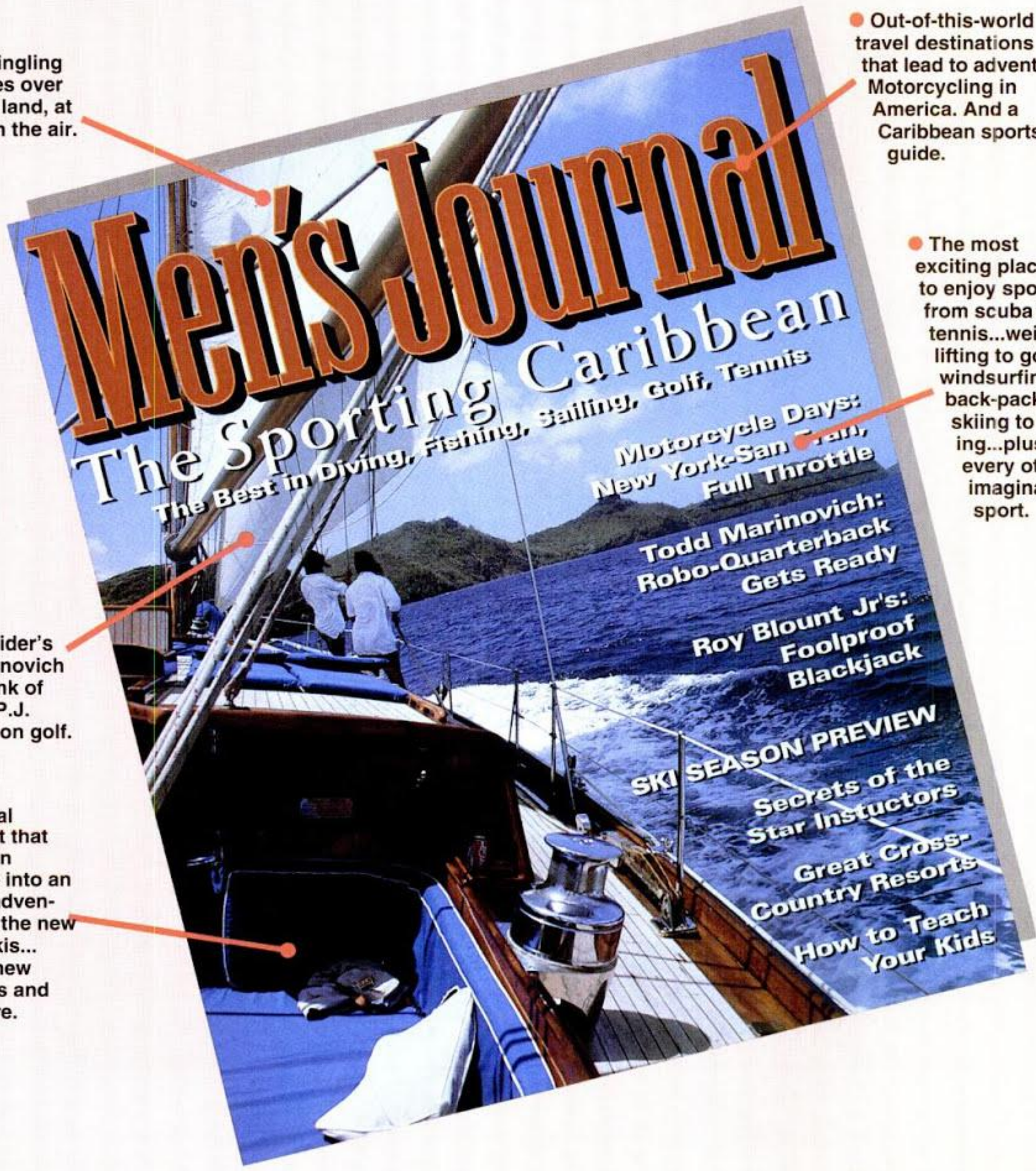
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IS PEO IN YO

WITH THE embarrassingly premature release of *Husbands and Wives* into more than 800 theaters across the country some weeks ago, even Manhattanites lining up at the Westloop Six in Manhattan, Kansas, now have the opportunity to be creeped out by Woody Allen's latest *mise-en-scène à clef* during the same year as everybody else. "Eerie," "chilling" and "a sad projection fantasy," they'll say about the nymphet-pursues-learned-man scenario, just as they earlier frame-by-framed through *Manhattan*, *Another Woman*, *Hannah and Her Sisters* and the rest of Allen's oeuvre for signs of art imitating life. (Check out *What's Up, Tiger Lily?*—it's *loaded* with Asian girls.)

And yet we can't help feeling that this obsession with cinematic minutiae is a sad commentary on our society today—we mean, doesn't anybody *read* anymore? After all, Allen himself told *Time* magazine, "The plots of my

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THAT A CADILLO JR OEUVRE...?

A STARTLING GLIMPSE INTO WOODY ALLEN'S SEX-ENAGERS-OBSESSED PAST—AND PROOF THAT ACTUAL TEENAGE GIRLS THINK HE'S A SKANK

movies don't have any relationship to my life." But pure writing, the kind of thing that appears in *The New Yorker*—and, as our research revealed, dirty-picture captions in *Playboy*—is a different matter. As one reads Allen, from his early "The Girls of 'Casino Royale'" and "What's Nude Pussycat?" photo essays to his more mature "The Whore of Mensa" period, certain recurrent themes emerge, primarily the fear of death and how having sex with young girls can allay it. Also, it turns out, *ménage à mother and daughter*. Is this relevant? Is it admissible in court? Well, as Allen told his hagiographer, Eric Lax, "Every word is meaningful in prose."

ACTS, UNNATURAL

His libertine attitudes involved him in several notorious scandals, and he eventually sued the government over the right to wear earmuffs while fondling a dwarf.[1] —"Slang Origins" (1975)

CHILDREN, IDENTIFICATION WITH INFAMOUS MOLESTERS OF

I identified immediately with Peter Lorre. The impulse to be a sniveling, effeminate, greasy little weasel appealed to me enormously and, setting my sights on a life of mealymouthed degradation and crime, I rapidly achieved a reputation that caused neighboring parents to appear at my doorstep carrying torches, a large rope and bags of quicklime. —"How Bogart Made Me the Superb Lover I Am Today" (1969)

GIRLS, NUBILE

"Well, I heard of this young girl. Eighteen years old. A Vassar student. For a price, she'll come over and discuss any subject—Proust, Yeats, anthropology. Exchange of ideas. Get what I'm driving at?" —"The Whore of Mensa" (1974)

GIRLS, NUBILE AND STUPID

For lovemaking, Weinstein needed someone quite opposite. Like Lu-Anne, who made sex an art. The only trouble was she couldn't count to twenty without taking her shoes off. —"No Kaddish for Weinstein" (1975)

GIRLS, NUBILE AND STUPID, ATTRACTION TO

My own theory is that for creatures from another solar system "hovering" may be a socially acceptable mode of relating. It may, indeed, be pleasurable. I myself once hovered over an eighteen-year-old actress for six months and had the best time of my life. —"The UFO Menace" (1977)

True, I had experienced normal daydreams over random females—this actress, that stewardess, some wide-eyed college girl...[2] —"Retribution" (1980)

GIRLS, NUBILE AND STUPID, AS NUDE MODELS

That's why, when the door to my office swung open and a long-haired blonde named Heather Butkiss came striding in and told me she was a

by Larry Doyle

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nudie model and needed my help, my salivary glands shifted into third. —"Mr. Big" (1971)

I was sneaking crosstown nightly to rendezvous with a photographer's model called Tiffany Schmeederer, whose blood-curdling mentality was in direct inverse proportion to the erotic radiation that oozed from her every pore. —"The Lunatic's Tale" (1977)

GIRLS, NUBILE AND STUPID, AS RAPE VICTIMS

"So who do you want to meet? Sister Carrie? Hester Prynne? Ophelia? Maybe someone by Saul Bellow? Hey, what about Temple Drake[3]? Although for a man your age she'd be a workout." —"The Kugelmass Episode" (1977)

GIRLS, NUBILE AND STUPID, UNNATURAL ACTS WITH

Let me make it perfectly clear that I abhor sodomy as much as the next man; however, I would enjoy being beaten with live eels if the girl doing it were Presbyterian. —"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex...You'll Find in My New Movie—Plus a Couple of Things You Never Bargained For" (1972)

GIRLS, VERY SMALL

To be a really good lover, then, one must be strong and yet tender. How strong? I suppose being able to lift fifty pounds should do it.[4] —From 'On Love,' in "The Early Essays" (1973)

INFIDELITY, FEMALE BLAMED FOR

The dilemma that precipitated this catastrophic fall from grace was simply this. I was living with a woman whom I cared for very deeply and who had a winning and delightful personality and mind; rich in culture and humor and a joy to spend time with. But (and I curse Fate for this) she did not turn me on sexually.[5] —"The Lunatic's Tale"



"If it moves, fondle it"—early Woody Allen aphorism, from his 1965 photo essay in *Playboy*, "What's Nude, Pussycat?"

RELATIONSHIP, PSEUDO-INCESTUOUS, WITH NUDE MODEL

She saw me as a symbol of all men—the understanding father, the amusing little boy, the poet driven mad by a relentless passion. —"The Girls of 'Casino Royale'" (1967)

TRIANGLE, INCESTUOUS

I am in love with two women, a not terribly uncommon problem. That they happen to be mother and child? All the more challenging! —"Retribution"

I married [Connie's mother] Emily and there were no suicides. Emily's three children attended and a dozen or so friends. It was held in Connie's apartment and champagne flowed.... At one point I found myself in the bedroom with Connie alone. We kidded and reminisced about our relationship, its ups and downs, and how sexually attracted I had been to her.

"It was flattering," she said warmly.

"Well, I couldn't swing it with the daughter, so I carried off the mother." The next thing I knew, Connie's tongue was in my mouth....

"You turn me on like I can't believe," she said, dragging me down on the bed.

"What's gotten into you? Are you a nymphomaniac?" I said, rising, yet undeniably excited by her sudden aggressiveness.

"I have to sleep with you. If not now, then soon," she said.

"Me, Harold Cohen? The guy who lived with you? And loved you? Who couldn't get near you with a ten-foot pole because I became a version of [Connie's brother] Danny? Me you're hot for? Your brother symbol?"

"It's a whole new ball game," she said, pressing close to me. "Marrying Mom has made you my father." She kissed me again and just before returning to the festivities said, "Don't worry, Dad, there'll be plenty of opportunities." —Ibid

TRIANGLE, INCESTUOUS, INVOLVING UNNATURAL ACTS AND A NUBILE AND STUPID GIRL

[Gene] Wilder and the sheep became a torrid item during the filming and had a highly publicized affair, which culminated in his being caught in a Butte hotel room with the sheep, her mother and a teenager who told the judge she was Little Bopeep. —"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex..." There is more, though much of it is numbingly repetitive: young, nubile girls (whose physical attributes

[1] Compare with "The Tallest Dwarf in the World" (1966), one of three chatty interviews Allen has given to *Seventeen* magazine over the years. "I always have a fear of being shot," this one begins hopefully. "By a girl, a psychotic fan who imagines some connection between us."

[2] "Am I going to spend my time with a mental deficient?," Allen told *Time*. "I mean, use your head. What would be the interest?" He acknowledged, however, that Soon-Yi Farrow Previn does have "a learning disability. I don't know what."

[3] According to *The Reader's Encyclopedia*, Temple Drake is "a character in William Faulkner's *Sanctuary* and *Requiem for a Nun*. A 17-year-old college student in *Sanctuary*, Temple is a provocative and irresponsible girl who invites by her actions the rape she half fears and half desires."

[4] According to "The Maturing of Woody Allen," a 1979 *New York Times Magazine* profile, Allen "has various platonic 'letter-writing relationships' with young women, 'when they read out as serious and substantial.' His youngest correspondent is an 11-year-old girl, whose letter was precocious in the extreme, Allen says. 'I wrote her back, "If you're really the age you say you are, it's phenomenal. But if you're not, don't write me again and waste my time."'" See also *The Letters of Lewis Carroll*.

[5] "My relationship with Mia was simply a cordial one in the past four years, a dinner maybe once a week together," Allen told *Time*. "Our romantic relationship tapered off after the birth of Satchel, tapered off quickly."

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often inspire Allen to the height of his descriptive powers, as in "Her figure described a set of parabolas that could cause cardiac arrest in a yak" and "a hippie girl whose shape in a black leotard caused my eyeballs to revolve like the fruit in a one-armed bandit"); infidelity (typically justified by the protagonist's loss of sexual desire for his current mate); and, no longer surprisingly, incest (in two separate stories, Allen's protagonists describe being unable to have sex with a woman because of her resemblance to the character's Aunt Rifka).

What can we make of all this? That life imitates art, that a thin line separates comic persona from personality disorder? (The next thing you know we'll be finding out that Jerry Lewis is just like the egooleaginous Buddy Love he portrayed in *The Nutty Professor*.) Perhaps Allen summed it up best in his eponymously titled paean to nubile young nurses, "The Shallowest Man":

> "That's some story," Moscowitz said...."It goes to show that some people are just no damned good."
>
> "I didn't get that out of it," Jake Fishbein said. "Not at all. The story shows how love of a woman enables a man to overcome his fears of mortality if only for a while."

Allen stopped writing short, humorous fiction around 1980—not long after "Retribution" was published and Soon-Yi was adopted—because, he said, "I don't want to look up on the bookshelf one day and see ten collections of basically the same thing." ❡

REALITY CHECK

WILL THE NEXT WOODY ALLEN NYMPHET PLEASE STAND UP?

IN *HUSBANDS AND WIVES*, Juliette Lewis plays a Barnard College student named Rain who throws herself at her professor, played by Allen. As the new school year was getting under way, we asked a couple of dozen actual Barnard undergraduates, many with Rain-like names, *If Woody Allen were your professor, would you have an affair with him?* —*Daniel Radosh*

MAYBE

Lauren: I probably would. Why not? I've always found him rather charming in sort of a weird way. He's always been one of those cool people. Maybe that's just 'cause he's this famous and well-respected man—well, *was*. I mean, maybe if he was just my professor I wouldn't look up to him as much, but maybe, sure. **Carolyn:** I don't think so. It depends on what line he used.

NO—ON PRINCIPLE

Melia: I think he's extremely attractive. But I wouldn't have an affair with him. It would be tempting, but I wouldn't do it. **Sarah:** I wouldn't have an affair with any of my professors. **Sabah:** I would not have an affair with one of my professors. **Margaret:** I just don't envision myself having affairs with my professors. **Eura:** I just wouldn't sleep with any of my professors. It's just a blanket rule, so even if it were Woody Allen—and I think he's a genius—I wouldn't do it. **Katrina:** I don't think that students at this school need to be put into that category of people who would sleep with their professors.

NO—HE'S TOO SKANKY

Dara: Maybe some professors, but not him. **Claudia:** Physically he just looks like, like a toad. I might have an affair with [another] professor. **Marika:** If you're going to have an affair with a professor, at least he could be, like, attractive to you. **Linda:** He just comes off as being insecure, needy and wimpy. Things that I don't look for in a guy. Even if he thinks it's amusing to other women. **Sonya:** I think he's ugly. He's disgusting. He's really demented-looking. I would never go out with him. He's the ugliest man. No. Not like I base everything on looks, but you know what I mean. He's kind of gross-looking, you know? **Donna:** I don't find him attractive at all. [I don't like] his hair. **Amanda:** I don't find him attractive. He's old. He's too hairy. **Rebecca:** He's not my type. He's too old. He's funny-looking. **Camarine:** He's balding. He's just not my type. **Typhaine:** He'd probably be a good professor, but I wouldn't find him attractive in a sexual way at all. **Stephanie:** Not my type. He's short. **Cecilia:** I've seen some very ugly guys that are very charismatic in person. But he's just too short. **Dina:** He's creepy.

NO—ON PRINCIPLE, PLUS HE'S TOO SKANKY

Kristin: I don't find him very attractive. It's nothing personal. I wouldn't sleep with probably any of my professors. **Sylvia:** I think it's basically unethical to be involved with your professor. Also, I'm not particularly attracted to Woody Allen. **Jovanna:** I wouldn't anyway, even if he wasn't ugly. Even if he wasn't short.

NO

Joanna: My mother did when she was in college—[had an affair] with Woody Allen. [I wouldn't have an affair with him] because if my mother did it, it's kind of a mother-daughter thing and that would be *bad*. ❡

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MAN OF THE PEOPLE
Weintraub with, *clockwise from left,* Sylvester Stallone, Kirk Douglas, Olivia Newton-John, Henry Kissinger, Mike Ovitz, the late Cary Grant, Tony Danza, Jerry Brown, John Kennedy, James Caan, (in spirit with) Francis Albert Sinatra, and George Herbert Walker Bush.

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THE RISE AND FALL AND RISE AND FALL AND—*YES!*—RISE OF A HOLLYWOOD ULTRA-HUSTLER WHO HAPPENS TO BE BEST BUDDIES WITH THE MOST POWERFUL MAN ON EARTH

FIRST CHEESEBALL

WE HATE TO SAY IT, BUT IF PRESIDENT BUSH LOSES THE ELECTION (he may have already lost it by the time you read this), many other people will lose their reason to exist. With Bill Clinton as president, what's James Baker going to connive at—gin rummy? Dan Quayle will be at loose ends, Marlin Fitzwater will return from Canyon Ranch with nowhere to go, and next summer young George W. will sit in his Texas Rangers box all alone day after day with mustard dripping on his shirt. But of all the people whose lives will suddenly and cruelly become meaningless after Bush retires, perhaps no one will suffer more than movie producer Jerry Weintraub, the president's most embarrassing friend.

Bush has always had fun when he has been with Weintraub. Just how much fun was evident at a party the Warner Bros. producer threw

by Suzanna Andrews

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for the president's reelection campaign last year at his blufftop Malibu estate. Bush hammed it up for photographers on Weintraub's lawn, joked around with Jimmy Stewart, talked politics with Richard Dreyfuss and golf with Tom Hanks. He giggled a lot at dinner with Goldie Hawn, especially when she spilled red wine on Sylvester Stallone's tuxedo!

There is almost nothing that big, bruising Jerry Weintraub loves more than showing off his wonderful friend the president to his other wonderful friends, and so he was a happy man that night. Weintraub must also have felt truly elated this past April 15 when he and his wife, Jane, coaxed Barbara Bush out to Spago—the West Hollywood restaurant favored by tourists who want to see people who want to be seen by tourists—for a quiet dinner *à trois*. They sat one table away from Merv Griffin, Eva Gabor, Marvin Davis and Roger Moore, and Weintraub was said to have been simply giddy. "It was very discreet," says one eyewitness. "If taking the first lady to Spago could be discreet."

And then, at the Republican convention in Houston last August, Weintraub received the highest honor his friend George Bush could bestow—he sat in the presidential box, along with the Bakers and the Cheneys.

Understanding why the president would consider Weintraub one of his closest friends is a bit difficult. Weintraub, who is 55, just isn't very much like Bush's other intimates: He is a big-talking Bronx-born mogul and former rock promoter who loves to throw fabulous parties and whose other friends include, he says, guy's guy James Caan, former client Frank Sinatra, Ted Kennedy and Robert Altman (who does not, when asked to list *his* friends, reciprocate). He has been dogged by rumors of drug use, and of abusive behavior toward women. In 1986 he founded a would-be conglomerate—Weintraub Entertainment Group—that quickly lost hundreds of millions of dollars and was bankrupt four years after it started. It's probably safe to say that Nick Brady has never placed stained-glass portraits of his wife and himself—wearing a leisure suit and talking on the phone—on either side of his Malibu mansion's front door. Weintraub has.

Of course, understanding why Weintraub so relentlessly gloms on to Bush is not difficult. Friend of the President is Weintraub's current place in the universe. Warner Bros. has given him a production deal that reportedly pays him $1.5 million a year, but at least one senior executive at Warners is utterly baffled over why Weintraub has such a lucrative arrangement. If nothing else, Weintraub's very comfortable big-time endurance is the best current illustration of the old cliché that once you become a serious Hollywood mogul, you are never out of the business, no matter how badly you screw up. "When Jerry picks up the phone," says the head of one entertainment company, elaborating on the dynamic of permanent moguldom, "he gets people. People call him back. Even now." But others say that Weintraub's presence gives Warners access, at least for the next few weeks, to the president—and relatively cheaply at that. When Bush goes, Weintraub's lifeline to power and influence will be cut, and he will probably end up eating at Spago with Kim Novak.



Take my wife. **Jane Morgan with flirtatious George Bush, 1971.**

Weintraub spent $350,000 party. "Don't forget the pres

"I'M A GUY WHO HAS BECOME ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL MEN," JERRY Weintraub has said. "Not just in the entertainment business, but in the world." He has never appeared in the *Forbes* 400, but that hasn't prevented him from claiming to be "one of the richest people in the world." In 1987 he told the *Los Angeles Times*, "It's pretty fascinating, my life. It fascinates me when I hear it, and sometimes when I try to look at what I've accomplished and what I've done, it's pretty awesome, you know? Pretty awesome."

Well, everyone's definition of awesome is different. Weintraub

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Entertainment Group released exactly seven pictures: *The Big Blue*, with Rosanna Arquette; *Fresh Horses*, with Andrew McCarthy and Molly Ringwald; *The Gods Must Be Crazy II*; *Listen to Me*, with Kirk Cameron; *My Stepmother Is an Alien*, with Kim Basinger and Dan Aykroyd; *She's Out of Control*, with Tony Danza; and *Troop Beverly Hills*, with Shelley Long. These were not hits. When Weintraub was briefly head of United Artists in 1985, he didn't greenlight a single movie. His one true, comparatively recent success, as far as we can tell, was the *Karate Kid* series, making him to Pat Morita what Louis B. Mayer was to Garbo.

Weintraub's private life isn't much more distinguished. He's girl-crazy, and his wife will show off new jewelry saying, "Jerry gave me this the last time he stayed out all night." Industry insiders say that he trashed the office of a recording-industry executive over a debt the guy was late in repaying. (The executive, Artie Mogull, president of JRS Records, denies that the incident occurred: "There's no way Jerry would do that to me. We go way back.") Asked about his alleged drug use, Weintraub's lawyer says, smiling, "He couldn't have ever used drugs, because people who use drugs are basically very thin." But three years ago people were convinced that gossip columnist Liz Smith meant Weintraub when she wrote about drug use by a "mogul" with "friends in high places" who "makes lousy movies." The head of one entertainment company says he knows a lot of good Weintraub dirt but doesn't want "to be the one who told you." And a movie financier gives him the following compliment: "The thing you can't get unless you meet Jerry is that he's a magnetic character. If you cast him, it would be as a Chicago mobster."

Despite his record of, let's say, underachievement, Weintraub's story actually is pretty fascinating. Somehow, simply by being a shameless, aggressive, high-living loudmouth with no particular talent, he has become an irreplaceable Hollywood insider, a very wealthy man (even if he isn't among the world's richest) and best pals with the most powerful person on earth. Somewhere, there is a lesson for all of us in Jerry Weintraub's life. And even if there isn't, in describing it we will have the satisfaction of knowing that at least one reader will find the account truly compelling.

Weintraub was born in 1937 to Rose and Sam, a traveling salesman who later became a successful gem merchant, and grew up in the Bronx. At 17 he joined the Air Force and was stationed in Alaska, where, as a budding entrepreneur, he made money on the side—"$750 a week," he has said, "selling clothes to prostitutes and all kinds of stuff." After he was discharged, he moved back to New York City and launched himself on a career path that looks, in retrospect, like an improbable, overstuffed parody of 1950s show biz: taking acting classes at New York's Neighborhood Playhouse, working as a page at NBC, then in the mailroom of William Morris and as an apprentice agent at MCA before becoming a junior partner at a talent agency.

One of Weintraub's first important clients was torch singer Jane Morgan, who in 1957 made "Fascination" a hit. In the mid-1960s, the two were staying at the Flamingo hotel in Las Vegas, where she was performing. "I'm all dressed up, baby," Weintraub said to Morgan, 13 years his senior. "Want to get married?" The marriage took place at the Chapel of the Bells wedding drive-thru. Weintraub went for the cheap ceremony: $15, no music. "We went back to the Flamingo," the incurable romantic later recalled, "had dinner, made love, and I played golf at 6:30 in the morning."

Having seen the words JERRY WEINTRAUB PRESENTS ELVIS in glittering lights on a marquee in a dream, Weintraub promoted Elvis Presley concerts, and by the early 1970s he had become one of the most powerful managers and promoters in the music business. As UN ambassador from 1971 to '73, his chum George Bush would attend parties at Weintraub's Manhattan pad, giddily glad-handing stars like Mary Travers and John Denver. "There was a time when either Bill Graham or Jerry Weintraub controlled every national tour," says Claire Rothman, who for years has run the Los Angeles Forum. Weintraub managed Bob Dylan, Neil Diamond, the Beach Boys, the Pointer Sisters and Dolly Parton. He hyped concerts when they were already sold out and loved the pandemonium that sometimes resulted. "I worried about 5,000 people crowding into my parking

his own 50th-birthday ts," said the invitations.



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lot," says Rothman. "Jerry reveled in crowds and people fighting over tickets."

In the mid-1970s, Weintraub hustled Robert Altman at a party for John Denver and managed to get a production credit on the director's next film, *Nashville*, and this began his movie career. In addition to the *Karate Kid* series, other Weintraub achievements were the Al-Pacino-visits-leather-bars thriller *Cruising* and *Oh, God!*

And the fine little 1982 Barry Levinson film *Diner*. According to sources involved in making *Diner*, Weintraub's contribution was to show the script (which he did not develop) to David Begelman, then at MGM. Over lunch, Weintraub got $5.5 million to finance the film. This is not a small role, but Weintraub's stories about *Diner* over the years have included more flamboyant gestures. In 1989 he told *The Wall Street Journal* that during a private screening of the film he'd ordered the projector stopped, grabbed the film cans and driven off the lot—all because a studio executive had had the nerve to take a phone call in the middle of the screening. A dramatic story, but it was the first time the people who'd made the movie had ever heard it.

Finally, in 1985, Weintraub became a made man in Hollywood when creepy tycoon Kirk Kerkorian hired him to run United Artists, MGM's sister company. The strategy attributed to the reclusive Kerkorian was that he had wanted someone with a showman's flair to help rebuild the company he had just finished tearing apart. If a showman was what he wanted, he found exactly the right man.

Weintraub gave lavish parties at his house in Beverly Hills to celebrate "the new UA." He took out full-page ads touting the company's declining *Rocky* series—and signed his own name to them. At UA's expense, he had Dom Perignon sent to just about everyone in Hollywood for Christmas, the penny-pinching Kerkorian included. Most afternoons at 5:00, Weintraub had wine and cheese set out and people gathered in his office to talk over the day. The studio chief cut a dashingly slimy figure with his $2,000 custom-made Brioni suits and—this was considered shameless even by Hollywood standards, even by 1980s standards—a valet poised at his elbow to light his cigars. People were impressed with the names Weintraub dropped, and with his vision of building a huge entertainment conglomerate out of tiny, battered, post–*Heaven's Gate* United Artists.



Chairman of the board, friend of the sleazy. Frank Sinatra with manager Weintraub, 1974.

A movie financier gives Wei "If you cast him, it would b

"You could say that it was a ridiculous extravagance to have a personal chauffeur and butler," says one former UA executive now, trying to explain Weintraub. "On the other hand, people said he was a P. T. Barnum. Glamour doesn't come cheap, and if you're trying to buy Jerry Weintraub, that's what you get. He's expensive."

Five months after he hired Weintraub, Kerkorian fired him. The well-tailored mogul had never actually gotten around to deciding to make a single movie. "He was *trying* to focus on the movies," says an old UA colleague. "He did try. But he seemed nervous and reluctant." Weintraub says that while he was president of the studio he acquired *The Prince of Tides* (which Columbia released five years later) and Levinson's *Rain Man* (which UA released two years later), but a former UA executive who worked on both films says these claims are vastly exaggerated. "*Not a chance. Not a chance.* He had *nothing* to do with these projects," this executive says. In fact, Weintraub left the studio before *Rain Man* was even pitched there.

Weintraub also embellished in characteristic fashion when he told the press that Kerkorian had given him a $12 million settlement for breaking his contract. Printed and reprinted, this figure became part of the Weintraub

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myth. Peter Bart, the editor of *Variety*, who was an MGM executive shortly before Weintraub arrived, recalls differently. Bart says that Weintraub never invested $30 million in MGM/UA, as he once claimed, but rather borrowed about $12 million from a bank to buy shares he *hoped* would appreciate in value. As for the $12 million "settlement," Bart says, all Kerkorian had agreed to do was buy back those shares.

His tenure at UA was a disaster, but like any good impresario, Weintraub used this defeat as the foundation for an even more grandiose and spectacular humiliation.

AFTER KERKORIAN FIRED HIM, WEINTRAUB HID OUT IN MAINE for several weeks, then returned to Hollywood and announced that he was forming Weintraub Entertainment Group.

He posed for the cover of *The Los Angeles Times Magazine*, wearing a suit and sitting on a horse. The headline read, THE NEXT TYCOON, and the story hyped Weintraub's new "$460-million movie studio," which was touted—and credulously reported by the press—as the largest privately financed start-up in movie industry history. WEG was an ambitious project, an entertainment conglomerate to be concocted from scratch, with interests in music, television, movie theaters, real estate and stadium management.

WEG's offices were opulent. Situated on the twentieth floor of the sleek high rise that houses the Palm Court restaurant, they were a vast expanse of white marble and white carpeting, wraparound glass and black furniture. WEG also spent money on the human-resources side. Weintraub staffed the

raub this compliment: s a Chicago mobster"



company with some of Hollywood's more expensive talent, bringing in the éminence grisey Guy McElwaine from Columbia and the hustling young David Kirkpatrick from Paramount. He made his longtime buddy Kenneth Kleinberg WEG's president, bought him a Rolls-Royce and billed it to the company. For himself, Weintraub reserved a salary of $1.5 million, which was more than the chairman of Columbia made at the time. He took thousands of dollars a month for his "car allowance" and had the company pay for security guards around his home and for first-class jet travel for his wife and children, according to Jeremy Richards, a lawyer for WEG's unsecured creditors.

Not long after he set up WEG, Weintraub spent $350,000 to throw himself a 50th-birthday party at his Malibu estate, which he calls Blue Heaven. A circus tent had been set up on the grounds. "It was amazing," says one guest. "There were girls in scanty costumes and roller skates that greeted you. There was a pink Thunderbird that Jane gave Jerry, and the presents were put in it." The invitations had actually included a printed reminder, DON'T FORGET THE PRESENTS.

Weintraub's lawyer, Frank Rothman, is one of L.A.'s most important litigators. He answered questions for us on Weintraub's behalf and said that although WEG went bankrupt in 1990, Weintraub didn't lose as much money as people have said he did. This is true, because Weintraub never *raised* as much money as he said he did. Of the $460 million that he claimed in press accounts, barely $100 million was equity. Investors included Columbia, which put up $14-million; U.S. Tobacco; former Treasury secretary William Simon; and Weintraub's parents.

The rest of the theoretical $460 million was largely in the form of agreements to advance money against the revenues of the movies WEG would make. Like most Hollywood producers, Weintraub presold the distribution rights to his films, and Columbia agreed to advance $156 million for rights to Weintraub's first 20 movies. However, the money would flow to Weintraub only when the movies went into production—which most never did. Nevertheless, to the press and to the people around town, Weintraub spoke as though he already had these millions in his pocket. And he was, rather incredibly, believed.

Another source of financing was junk bonds, although WEG may have been the only company in America in the 1980s for which Drexel Burnham refused to raise money, saying the venture was too risky. In late 1986, Michael Milken tried to sell "high-yield" bonds for Weintraub, but Drexel, his employer, refused to let him. Officially Drexel

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dropped out and Bear Stearns, its co-manager on the transaction, completed the deal alone. But the securities, $81 million worth, were sold to a list of investors that was straight off Milken's speed dial. A former colleague of Milken's says today that as a favor to Weintraub, an old friend, Milken quietly continued to sell the securities to his investors after Drexel backed out.

Weintraub's company went bankrupt in September 1990. Figuring in its lines of credit, it had in four years run through at least $280 million. Most pathetically, all the studio had to show for this was an Andrew McCarthy vehicle and six other bombs. Oh, certainly, there were high points, as when in December 1988, at the Washington premiere of *My Stepmother Is an Alien*, there was Jerry's main man, President-elect George Bush.

Weintraub tried hard to save his company. One afternoon, as his bond holders and their lawyers were meeting in Weintraub's offices, the door opened and Rabbi Boruch Cunin, the leader of California's Lubavitcher sect, walked into the room, obviously there on cue at Weintraub's behest. He was dressed in a long black coat and a black felt hat and wore a long beard. Weintraub's creditors stared, stupefied, as the rabbi spoke. "This is the month of miracles," he told them. "This is the month of joy. Jerry Weintraub is a good and charitable man. The Almighty will see to it that your debts are paid."

Despite the rabbi's reassurances, there was very little left in the company. After the bankruptcy, everyone except Weintraub's two banks lost practically all the money they had invested. Columbia and U.S. Tobacco together lost tens of millions. So did several savings and loans. The single biggest loser, however, was the U.S. government, which under George Bush had come to own roughly half of Weintraub's junk bonds when various Milken-connected S&Ls failed.

Weintraub's friends speak in his defense. "The idea that he took other people's money and spent it lavishly and wasted it on himself is wrong," says one. "He lost his *own* money too, you know." That, apparently, counts as an act of heroism in Hollywood. Those investigating WEG say Weintraub invested $11 million; his lawyers say $20 million. It might be worth noting, though, that $11 million is awfully close to the amount of money Kerkorian returned to Weintraub two weeks before the founding of WEG.

Having spent hundreds of millions making movies starring Tony Danza and Shelley Long, Weintraub was exiled into the wilderness—for two weeks. By then he had gotten his production deal at Warners. These days, with his staff of three people, he is working to develop several movies, including a country-and-western screenplay, the screen adaptation of the musical *La Cage aux Folles* and Terry Gilliam's remake of *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*. None of his films have yet begun shooting.

"Jerry was *exactly* the kind of person we jumped at," says Warners president Terry Semel, who is another old friend of Weintraub's. "He's a mover. He knows everyone you need to know." Semel goes on, "He's an imaginative guy who thinks larger than life." That, of course, would serve as a fair description of Don Quixote or John De Lorean as well. But Semel believes that Weintraub's contacts in the movie industry and his past experience make him invaluable. And he insists he's not a bit concerned about Weintraub's recent history with money. "What we spend, costs, we have control over that," says the man who oversaw the production of *Die Harder*.

At a restaurant with to get a phone at the

THROUGH IT ALL, JERRY WEINTRAUB'S MOST AWESOME ATTRIBUTE, HIS CLOSE friendship with George Bush, remains undiminished. Torch singers make strange bedfellows, especially if they come from old-line WASP families: Jerry Weintraub met George Bush nearly 30 years ago through Jane Morgan. Yes, this is the same Jane Morgan who made an appearance in SPY last summer in our story about President Bush's lady friends. In 1960, Bush traded smirky, studly letters about her with a pal. In one he wrote that he had had to make his phone number unlisted, "since Jane Morgan keeps calling me all the time." Morgan's real name is Florence Currier, and she knew Bush from Kennebunkport, where her family had a house that she now owns. Today the Weintraubs often spend part of their summers at Blueberry Hill, which is about three miles from the Bush house at Walker's Point.

The image of a Hollywood operator from the Bronx like Jerry Weintraub hanging out in Maine with thin-blooded, no doubt anti-Semitic Yankee patricians is extremely curious, to say the least. Nevertheless, he and Bush

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have bonded over the years, running together and playing tennis and golf. In Maine, and when Bush is in L.A., they hang out at Weintraub's and watch movies. "They're like a couple of jocks sitting in the locker room," says Bush's former aide Pete Teeley. When they're in restaurants together, Weintraub loves to get a phone at the table and call acquaintances: "Hey, it's Jerry. Let me put a friend of yours on the phone...." The phone thing, in fact, comes up in nearly every conversation with friends of the two men. Former baseball commissioner Fay Vincent remembers Weintraub's visits before Bush was president: "Jerry'd come in and say, 'Hey, let's call the vice president,' and I'd say, 'Oh, Jerry, don't *do* that.' And Jerry'd say, 'Oh, come on.' And he'd call George and say, 'Hey, George, Fay's here, too!'" Once, after Bush became president, he and Weintraub even called Vincent from the presidential helicopter as they flew from L.A. to Malibu.

Weintraub has backed Bush's political career almost since the day he met him but has never allowed political principles to burden him. In 1980, for example, he simultaneously supported Bush and Ted Kennedy for the presidency. Asked about Weintraub's open-mindedness, his brother-in-law Robert Currier was fairly blunt with a reporter. "Jerry has no values as far as people go," Currier said. "He just likes to bet on something that's going to win."

Weintraub was active in the president's 1988 campaign. He served on Bush's California finance committee and campaigned for him in Texas on Super Tuesday. He also hosted a $10,000-a-couple fundraiser at his Beverly Hills house, at which Frank Sinatra drank too much and wouldn't talk to Barbara Bush, even though he was seated next to her at dinner. Sinatra rambled and looked confused as he introduced Jane Weintraub, who had

sh, Weintraub loves ble and call friends



agreed to stand in for him as the night's entertainment. "I wish I was Dean Martin, because then I'd be bombed," Sinatra told the crowd.

Maybe it was having a rogue Democrat in their midst that irritated them, or maybe it was just Weintraub, but many of Bush's campaign handlers haven't liked this movie producer. "A lot of guys around Bush thought that he was oily," one says. People were irked when Bush named Weintraub honorary co-chairman of the last inaugural ball, and their annoyance soared when Weintraub submitted a $1 million bill for a movie of the event that he had produced—a sum said to be wildly over budget. Weintraub has helped cohost one Bush fundraiser this year, but he has not rejoined the finance committee. "It's because [Weintraub] has so many commitments, businesswise," says Torie Clarke, a spokeswoman for the reelection committee.

The basic theory of why Jerry and George like each other—Opposites Attract—is put forth by John Tunney, the former California senator and an old friend of Weintraub's. "I think President Bush is attracted to Jerry because Jerry represents something that is so *different* from what he is accustomed to," Tunney says. "Here is someone who is warm and gregarious and truly part of Hollywood—dreams bigger than reality, a gargantuan appetite for success, the glitz. I think it is amusing to George Bush. It's a little window into the world of make-believe. It's a part of George Bush's personality that is escapist." (Tunney won't elaborate on Weintraub's various gargantuan appetites—"I never say negative things about my friends. For example, Teddy Kennedy is my best friend, and I never say anything bad about him.")

Fay Vincent went to boarding school with Bush's brother William at Hotchkiss and knows the president well. He also encouraged Weintraub to start WEG and, as head of Columbia, threw all that money the company's way. He tells a story that nicely illustrates the appeal of a Weintraub to inhibited prepsters like Bush and himself. It seems that Weintraub forgot he had several hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewelry in his Rolls-Royce when he parked it on the street one afternoon, and the car was stolen. Vincent remembers, "I called Jerry and I said, 'You guys are *so different*. That doesn't happen in my neighborhood.'"

The Weintraub charm has another side to it, though. A former record executive says, "Jerry once told me that he was at the Westbury Music Fair, on Long Island, and he was backstage with his feet on some desk. And this guy comes back and says, 'Do you do that at home?' And Jerry says he punched him out. White-collar executives with drab lives who go home to colorless wives *love* to deal with Jerry."

Awesome.

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Pied-à-Terror

The Fetishized Feet of Geena, Dolly and Michelle; Metric Feet at *Harper's*; John Simon's Combat Boots

by James Collins

Perhaps the saddest words ever written appeared in *Entertainment Weekly* recently when Ken Tucker reviewed the new television show *Hearts Afire*. "One of the things that has always distinguished [Linda] Bloodworth-Thomason's sit-com writing," Tucker wrote, "is that her characters carry the baggage of their past lives into a series. Whether it's Wood Newtown's dented career as a former pro-footballer on [*Evening*] *Shade* or Suzanne Sugarbaker's vanished youth as a slim beauty queen on [*Designing*] *Women*, Bloodworth-Thomason's creations are always consumed with memories of better times and haunted by the suspicion that life will never get better than it already has. So it is with [Markie] Post's Georgie Anne Lahti in *Hearts Afire*."

Tears well in the eyes of every sensitive person who reads this passage, but not because of the melancholy music of Tucker's prose, and not because of *Shade*'s and *Women*'s inherent poignancy. Rather, the review provokes such sorrow because it so painfully illustrates that Ken Tucker spends his life writing dutiful, sound, worthwhile criticism of television shows that star people like John Ritter (as does *Hearts Afire*). Taking a solid, literary approach, Tucker finds a theme in the work of Linda Bloodworth-Thomason. It's a good theme. Tucker argues for it convincingly. And, like a child writing a very, very earnest report about his troll, he breaks your heart.

That same week, Tucker reviewed a new show called *Flying Blind* and impressively limited himself to only one airplane image—his last sentence read, "But even if it crashes and burns, this pilot for *Flying Blind* is easily one of the best debut shows of the year." (Of course, television pilots don't crash and burn—television *series* do. And even airplane pilots don't crash and burn—they tell you, with a Bloodworth-Thomason twang, about the bit of chop up ahead.) Writing in the *Los Angeles Times* about the aviation-based sitcom *Wings*, Deborah Hastings did not have anything like Tucker's self-discipline. She wrote,

> Despite several changes in NBC flight plans, *Wings* has distinguished itself as the little plane that could.
>
> Since its April 19, 1990, premiere, *Wings* has endured more turbulence than a jetliner battling wind shear.
>
> The 30-minute comedy has shuttled back and forth between Thursday and Friday nights, endured short hauls on the prime-time schedule

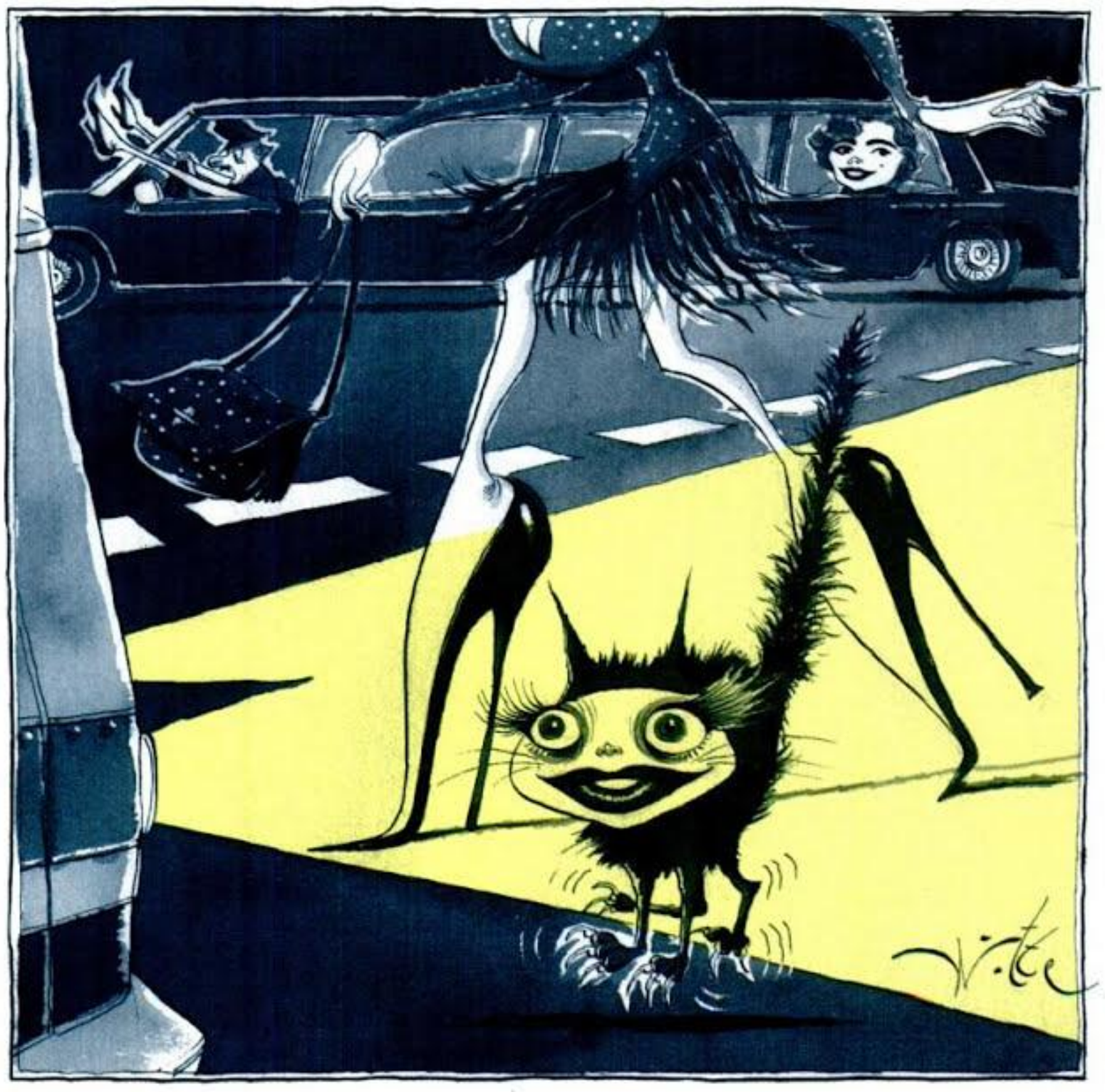


Illustration by Michael Witte

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and still managed to fly over a crowded hangar of network comedies.

The season-ender was a cliffhanger. But network executives did not leave *Wings* circling the NBC runway.

Let's just hope Hastings never writes about *Studs*.

When they write about the heights of various movie actresses, writers just seem to go haywire. In *The New York Times*, Vincent Canby began his review of Dolly Parton's last film like this: "Perched atop her five-inch stiletto heels, the full-busted but otherwise tiny Dolly Parton towers above *Straight Talk* like a laughing colossus of Rhodes." If the Colossus of Rhodes really wore stiletto heels, how would the other six wonders of the world keep up—could the Hanging Gardens of Babylon imitate Joan Crawford? Then, in *Entertainment Weekly*, James Kaplan wrote a characteristically lip-smacking story about Geena Davis ("long-stemmed voluptuousness, drop-dead jawline, kid-sister dentition") and observed, "Davis reclines in the limo seat, her legs giving practical meaning to the term *stretch*"—stretch limos, of course, being terribly impractical. Finally, Gerri Hirshey began her characteristically tough-chickish profile of Michelle Pfeiffer in *Rolling Stone* with the sentence "She tottered to her mark on nosebleed high heels." You get the idea, but somehow the image is not a pleasant one. Hirshey's only slightly noxious trope for Pfeiffer's gutsiness was *working the Suit*, and she also wrote that while unflattering makeup doesn't faze the actress, "It's the other requirements of working the Suit that make her freeze like a spooked ingenue in the headlights of an oncoming tour bus." By "other requirements" Hirshey meant interviews. If she were bearing down on us, *we* might freeze, too.

John Simon is celebrated—at least in the Simon household—for his punctiliousness about English usage

Lewis Lapham knows something about poetry, as he went very far out of his way to tell his readers in one of those nonpithy essays (oh, to be the editor of a foundation-subsidized magazine!) he writes for *Harper's* every month. He began by saying that he felt sorry for the policy squirrels in academia and government who must explain the post–Cold War world. Reading their work in journals and on op-ed pages, Lapham wrote, he *couldn't help* thinking of taking his final exam in geology his freshman year in college:

> I hadn't read the book or seen the slides, and I had missed all but one of the field trips. The essay question appeared in a language I didn't recognize, much less understand, and in a state of barely suppressed panic I wrote the answer in ottava rima. I had been reading Byron's *Don Juan*, and I cast my lot in the vain hope that the artful form of the essay might excuse its lack of content.

Apparently Lapham is the kind of person who brags about not studying for exams, who writes in his blue book in verse, and who retails the incident years later with unspeakable coyness—the type of person, in other words, for whom one wishes the Soviets had developed a special warhead. But this was not the point of his fond memory from university days. Lapham's point was that the "Washington diplomatic establishment confronts a similar dilemma. Nobody knows the language in which to ask or answer the questions presented by the absence of the Soviet empire." Yes, but are they answering those questions in ottava rima? I doubt it.

And speaking of smug, middle-aged blowhards, John Simon wrote a stinging letter to the *New York Times* Book Review complaining about a change in the copy of a review he had written the previous month. Simon is celebrated—at least in the Simon household—for his punctiliousness about English usage and, calling out *"J'accuse!"* (he's celebrated for his French-phrase usage too), he wrote,

> In my review of Alfred Doblin's "Destiny's Journey," I wrote a sentence that contained the words "everyone was finally left to his own confused devices"....How great—and unpleasant—was my surprise when I read in the Book Review the perhaps politically correct but grammatically incorrect and heinous "everyone was finally left to their own confused devices." Was this the work of some irresponsible feminist factotum, or was it, via computer piracy, the ultimate fiendish revenge of Norman Mailer?

That last line is pretty devastating, but while he may feel heartily satisfied that he got off a good one, Simon's mordant wit was misplaced in this instance. According to *Words into Type*, the copy editor's lawgiver, the number that *everyone* takes is "a matter of some dispute." It mentions Jane Austen and Dr. Johnson as two writers who used "everyone...they" and quotes the *Oxford English Dictionary* as saying, "The pronoun referring to *everyone* is often plural." *Webster's Third New International Dictionary*'s definition of *everyone* reads in part, "Usually referred to by the third person singular...but sometimes by a plural personal pronoun." The example *Webster's* uses to illustrate this point is "Everyone had made up their minds," which seems pretty analogous to the sentence Simon had written.

One question remains, however: How was a phrase as clumsy and silly-sounding as "confused devices" allowed to stand?

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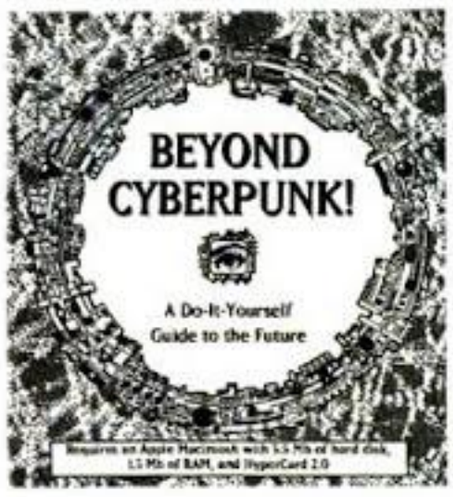
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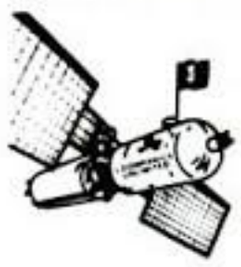
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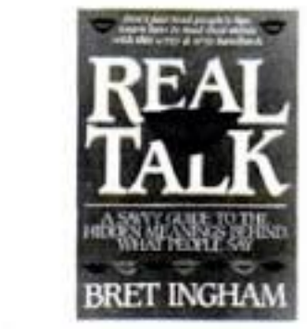
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Games of Chintz

Norman Schwarzkopf Joins the Cast of *Designing Women*

by Henry Alford

One of the sources of wonderment for those of us who live in quarters that have not recently been *rethought* by a professional is the earnestness and zeal with which others attend to matters of domestic loveliness. Thus it is with feelings of inadequacy that we note that the decorator showhouse—the phenomenon wherein a dozen or so interior designers each decorate a room in a single residence no one will ever inhabit, the ticket sales to which are given to charity—is reasserting its presence on the cultural scene. In the past several years, Manhattan has witnessed the advent of the Royal Oak Foundation Showhouse, the French Designer Showhouse and the Metropolitan Home ShowHouse; indeed, among all New Yorkers there is an ever-increasing number of opportunities to utter the phrase *yummy chintz*.

Promiscuity is the leitmotiv of decorator showhouses. Given that the decorator decorates a showhouse room to his own specifications and not a client's, there are fewer constraints on his sense of the fabulous. And it becomes too easy for him to ignore the little voices that admonish, "Less, darling—*much*, *much* less." For example, at a showhouse in Massachusetts last year, Jamie Gibbs upholstered the frames of two dozen cafeteria chairs with moss, explaining that "as it ages, the moss will turn gold to match the tassels"; several years earlier, a decorator at a New Jersey showhouse swathed the walls and contents of an entire room in fake fur and called it the Furmality Room.

Sometimes the excess is of a more esoteric nature. "This is not a complete room," read the decorator Thierry Despont's description of one of his two 1991 French Designer Showhouse rooms in honor of the French poet Rimbaud, "but broken pieces, a wall here, a mirror there, and then a dark cabinet that does not connect but is there, as a fragment, Rimbaud's last refuge. A flying tub, a stellar sphere, accounting books and images of slaves. The walls, the obscure cabinet, the galaxy...It is as if the wind of poetry had shattered a room." The larger of Despont's rooms featured a winged bathtub; the smaller contained a sink filled with spears and twigs.

Decorator Jamie Gibbs upholstered the frames of two dozen cafeteria chairs with moss

Of course, when rooms are dedicated to famous people who, unlike Rimbaud, are still living, the experience of a designer's fantasy for them is only heightened. This was the case at a showhouse in Rye, New York, this year, where Jean P. Simmers's room, entitled At Ease—its ceiling covered with camouflage from a tank that had been in the Persian Gulf—paid homage to Norman Schwarzkopf. However, in this instance the thrill of fabrics was tinged with terror, for while the room was bedecked with Schwarzkopf's favorite beverages (Johnnie Walker Red, Diet Pepsi), it was also equipped with what appeared to be his favorite playthings (glazed hand grenades).

Entertaining People, a ten-year-old showhouse in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D.C., that raises funds for a local health-care facility, puts its own spin on this strange form of celebrity worship by actually introducing and pairing up decorators with a celebrity or government VIP who is meant to be the subject of the room. These displays tend to focus on one of three fascinating themes: how the VIP entertains, how the VIP *wishes* he could entertain, or how the *decorator* wishes the VIP would entertain. The VIP lends personal possessions from his home—when former drug czar William Bennett and his wife worked with a local decorator to create a treehouse inside the Mayflower, Bennett lent his guitar and volunteered to make an audiocassette of himself strumming and singing with one of his sons. Meant as a place where the Bennetts could picnic with their children, the treehouse was filled with cookies, hot dogs and jars filled with bugs. And for a room extolling the virtues of the equestrian life, Senator John Warner lent his own custom-made English riding boots, his riding hat and habit, a suede jacket, riding silks and a pair of velvet slippers; the decorator upholstered the walls in wool the color of jodhpurs.

As he ages, John Warner will turn yellowish-beige to match them.

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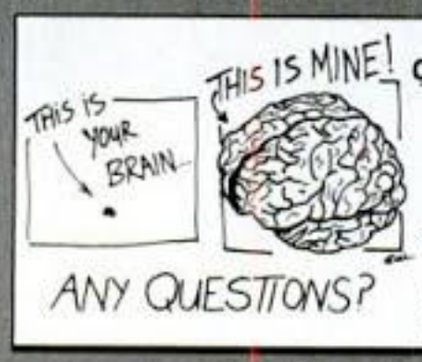
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CONSPIRACY THEORISTS TAKE NOT
Separated only by zany activist an publicity whore Roy Innis, left- and right wing kooks Oliver Stone and James Bake attend the same black-tie affai

ATTRACT SLIME, REPEL VAMPIRES
Fuchs's gal (*above left*) is joined in madonna/Madonna-inspired bosom-with-crucifix look by, *fa left*, GOP-family-values result Patti Davis and, *lef* metalheadish JFK Jr. boytoy Sarah Jessica Parke

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Preternaturally smooth former movie producer (*Top Gun*, *Days of Thunder*) Don Simpson, accompanied at a charity auction by his own personal stunt double.

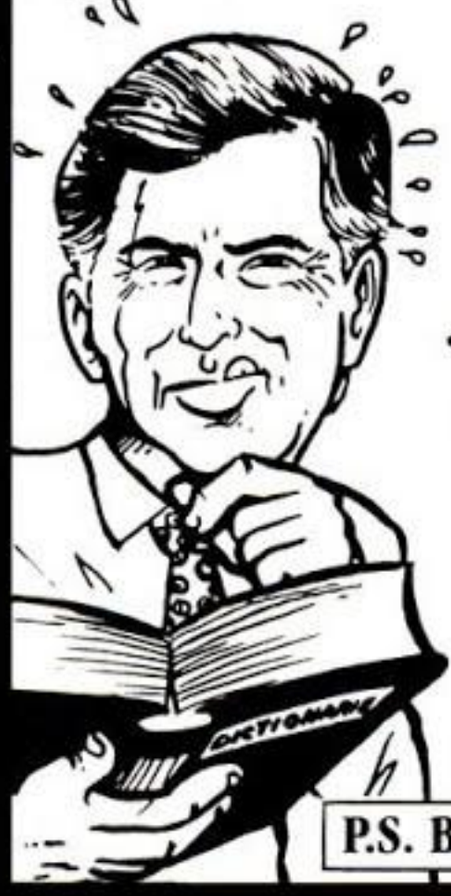




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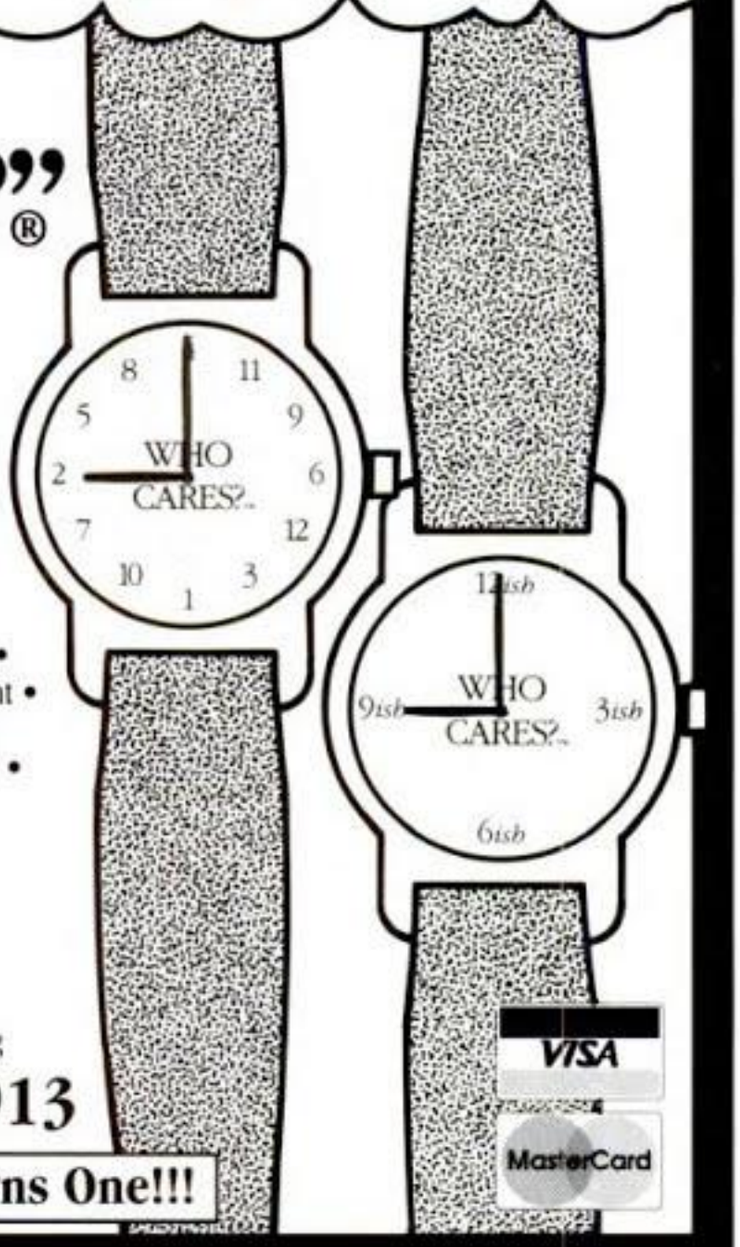
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Live White Male

You've Elected Worse

As President I'll Be Fairly Harmless, and the Bat Issue May Not Arise

by Roy Blount Jr.

Polls don't tell the whole story. You have to eavesdrop. In the streets and the bars and the luncheonettes, here's what Americans are really saying:

"Bush? Gimme a *break.* He'll run us into a Depression, become incontinent and have a nervous breakdown; then Saddam attacks us with a nuclear weapon and laughs maniacally, and *boom*—Quayle takes over."

"Clinton? Get *outta* here. He'll tax and spend, tax and spend, and the first time he's in London, *boom*—you think he can resist Princess Di? Famous couples who're younger than the Bushes can't grin and bear it and cheat discreetly anymore. What you're going to see is the Leader of the Free World being jerked around by some hotshot divorce lawyer."

And here, since the evaporation of Perot, is what I hear the voice of America asking: "How come we always gotta choose the lesser of two goldarned evils?"

Here is my answer: Choose me, the least of three.

Let me stipulate that I will not do a great job as president. I believe I speak for the consensus when I say, "Who would?"

But I don't have any family-values problems—I am not married, and my children are grown and out of the house, and my parents have passed away, and my sister has a good job and doesn't drink much.

True, my sister, Susan, has at least 33 bats in her house, in Concord, Massachusetts. One of them got on her in the night. She called the Fire Department, which told her to call the Audubon Society the next morning. The Audubon Society operator put her on hold for "the naturalist."

If I were president, there would be more than one naturalist at every Audubon Society outlet—if it weren't for the fact that the Audubon Society would not be under my control. Maybe if I were president there would be somebody you could call at any hour of the day or night if a bat got on you. Just somebody to talk to, at least—but not if it would cost the taxpayers any money.

BULLETIN (BUT NOTHING REALLY BAD, DON'T WORRY): I have just consulted with my handlers at SPY, who have discouraged me from going on any further about my sister's bat problem because three years ago Ellis Weiner wrote a column in SPY about having bats in his house. So I'm not even going to tell you how she determined that there were at least 33 of them. (The naturalist told her not even to try disposing of the bats for another month, because it was the season for them to be taking care of their young. So there's my sister lying awake picturing a host of winged mammals in her attic, hanging upside down, *nursing.* Thirty-three, not counting the spawn.)

There—the very fact that I am not empowered to write about bats in this magazine (and I take it in my stride) will give you some idea of how unlikely I would be, if elected, to foist unpopular programs upon the American people. And what if, say, I tried to help Susan get rid of her bats and they flew all over me, with those little ones clinging to their bubs and making little peeping noises, and I couldn't stand it and screamed? Americans would not be humiliated in the eyes of the world, the way we were when Jimmy Carter was menaced by a swimming rabbit, because the media would just say, "Oh, bats, no story. Weiner did bats back in 1989." Even if, desperate for an angle, the media did link me with my sister's bats, let's face it: Bats (even inverted, suckling bats) aren't really *evil.*

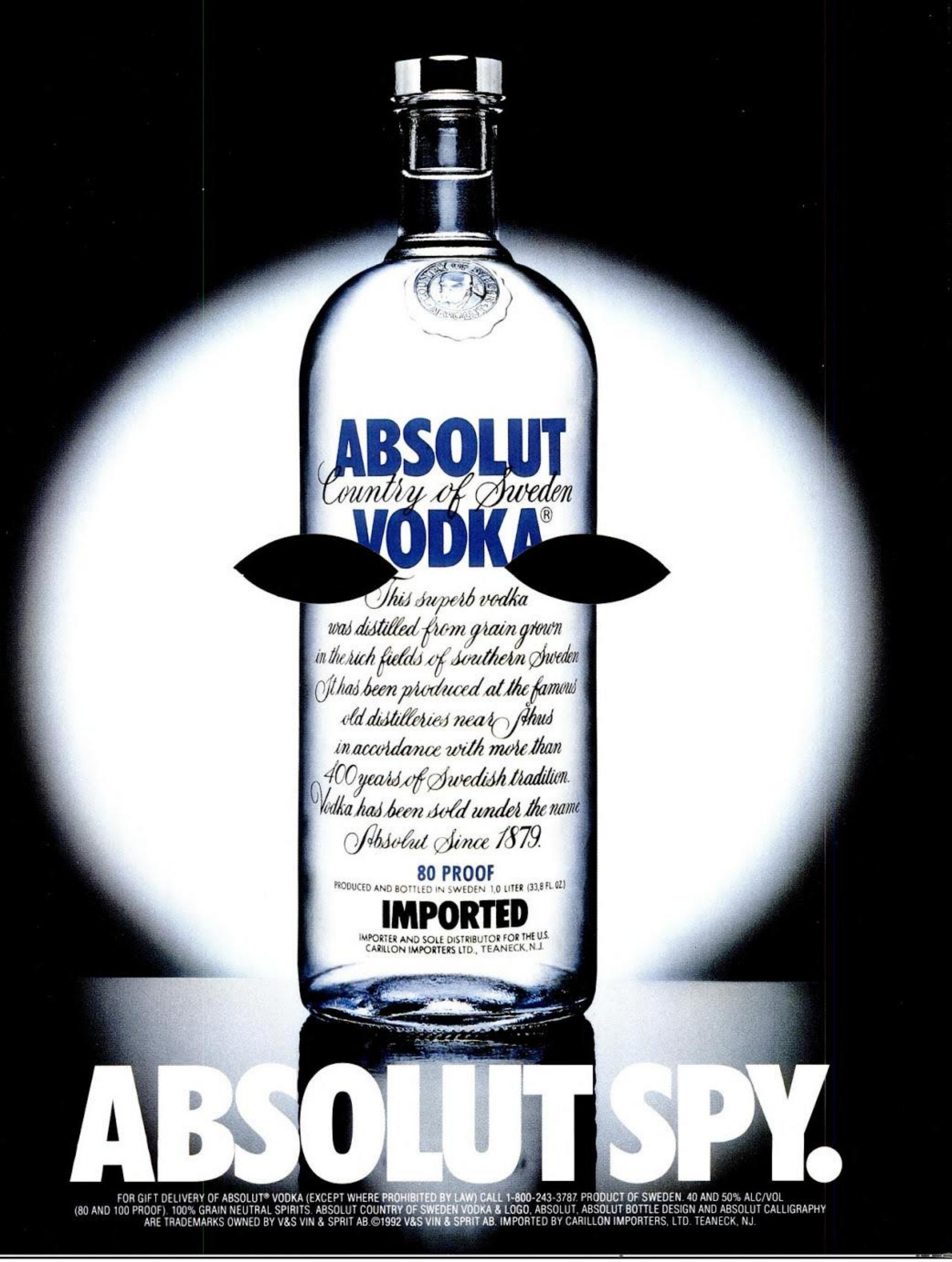
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Another thing to be said for my candidacy is that I don't propose to do anything definite. Carter pledged to reform the welfare system, Reagan swore he'd balance the budget, Bush guaranteed no new taxes. I say I will get into office and kind of feel things out, and let everybody know if it looks like there is anything that I can actually do.

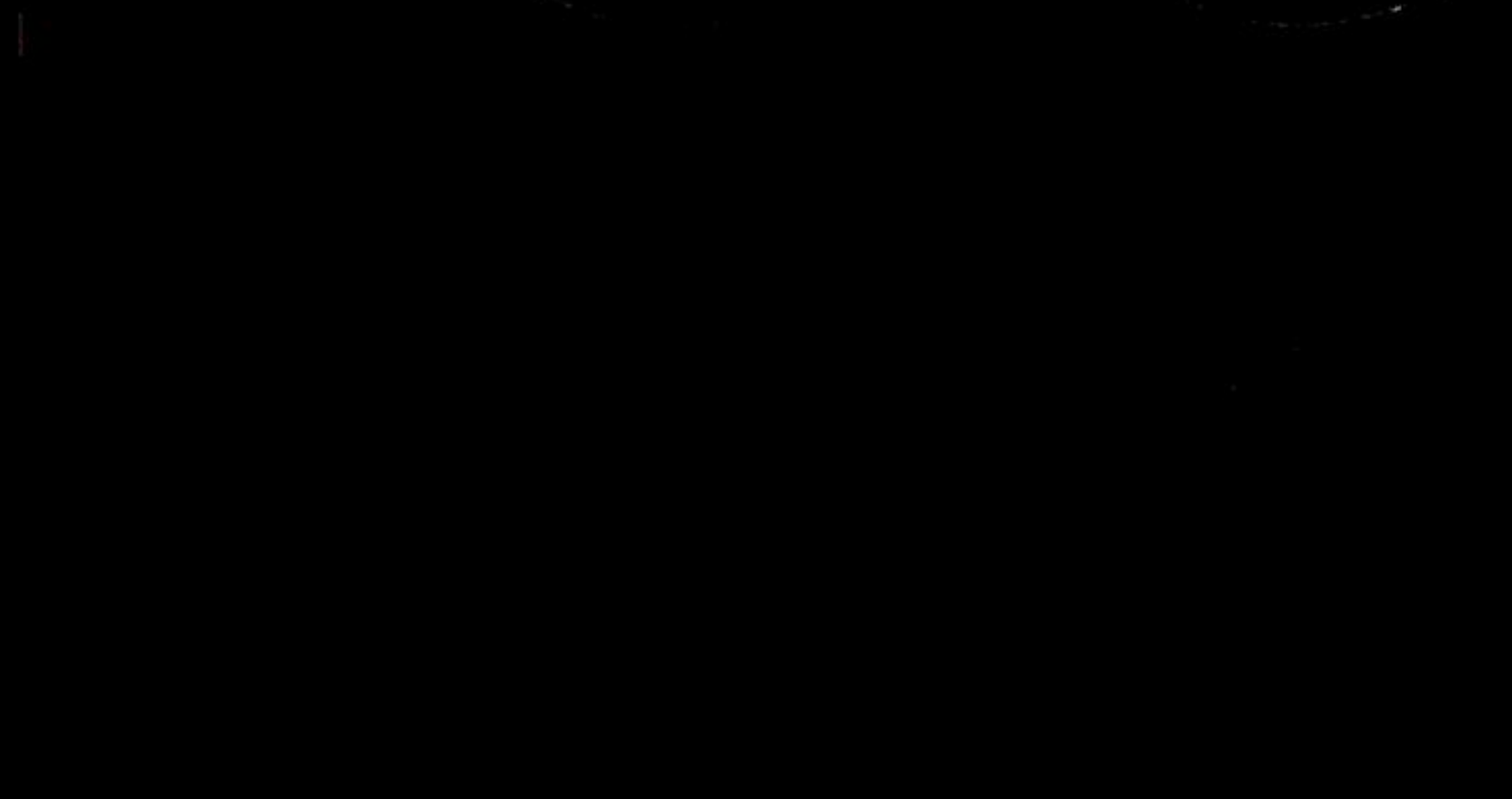
What I'm saying is, I'll be a president you can live with. Nothing I will do will *escalate* your mounting sense of dread. Even after I dump my present advisers.

My sister does have a guano stain on her ceiling, yes. And it is spreading.

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